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THE HILL AND THE HORIZON

THE dyspeptic Frenchman who saw all he wanted to of England at a tea for tourists given just off the rue de la Paix may have been a philosopher but, obviously, he had never tasted the delights of gossip. Isn't it that we are really seeking when we climb over the hill which hides the world from view, and loiter on strange highways? "The bliss of travel is in talk," observed an antique Chinaman who had once braved the fringes of the Great Wall. Naturally, talk is easier and more satisfying when cast in the mold of a common language which has grown, at least largely, out of communal experience.

That is possibly why (though there may be other reasons of lesser moment) we Americans never fail to be interested in England, or more especially in that part of England which comes voyaging to Manhattan and occasionally ventures as far as Denver. There is, for instance, a contagious thrill in Mr. John Drinkwater's vision of "a mounted policeman at full gallop, as if he were heading a cavalry charge, and thirty yards or so behind him three great motor fire-engines driven by huge men, bareheaded and stripped to the waist of everything but armless 'zephyrs,' straining over their driving wheels like the athletes of the Roman circus." We have seen the picture a hundred times, but the strange man makes the etching bright and clear again. In his conversation lies the valuable wonder of the grown-up child. And in the vision which his brother poet, Alfred Noyes, reported from Fifth Avenue—"the softly illuminated heads of the shadowy towers, elfin domes and cupolas, like little temples thrust into the sky"—there is that which makes us crane our necks to see.

But is there anything further in this gossip, either of profit or of danger? In a recent paper which went the rounds of Europe in the guise of translation, Mr. G. K. Chesterton took a wistful stand against the tendency to internationalize symbols. "We should mount guard about the things which are truly national," he says, "because they are at the same time firmly human and need no apology. For instance, the English have watched with especial care over a thing which is a symbol for all mankind, the flame of the hearth, the fire which burns in freedom. There are stoves in many of the lands of Europe; and they are at least picturesque. But steam-heat is stifling and is not picturesque; and to come across it in every chamber and corridor leaves an impression which is simply depressing. Well, this American invention of a quality truly inferior is being installed everywhere in English

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hotels and even in English houses. It is just as if alien artists should come from the ends of the earth to rear structures in a new style derived from the architecture of railway stations. It is as if the cities of Europe should undertake to reproduce the fogs of London."

One might observe with some pertinence that comfort is the mother of modern change. Englishmen who, like Mr. Chesterton, prefer to take their morning air raw, ought not to look with too much severity upon their less heroic brethren. They can find consolation in the surety that London fogs are likely to remain unimitated, at least until the code of Sparta shall have been revived. But though we may shake our heads at the illustration, we can profitably weigh the suggestion. The contemporary world does live too closely in the dust of the gossip on its far-flung, crowded highways. It is really being drowned in the flood of fashion. We pick up a cheap morning paper and find a screechy editorial on The King Business Hits the Skids —a rapid sketch in the mood of those who are not prepared to respect or understand anything but the culture of their own monotony. Or possibly, we chance upon a random exotic journal which concludes that the only art worth talking about is being produced, at this very moment, in a Portuguese studio. Here, as in numberless other places, there is evidence of a growing illiberalism which might be termed the illiberalism of horizons. It wants a clean sweep everywhere—a boulevard or a bog. It is the outlook of people who are aghast at the omnipresence of their ancestral hills. Perhaps it is the product of weariness. Intellects cannot motor comfortably and speedily down the tortuous roads of difference. The spiritually homeless are unable to endure a vista of serried chimney-tops and walled, immemorial gardens.

But though there is lurking injury in the gossip exchanged between peoples, one cannot be blind to the possible emancipation that sometimes results from mingled opinions. Doctor Faustus may have been exaggerating when he found Helen of Troy, rather than the women of his own city, more lovely than "the evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars," but the encounter with her should have been helpful toward escaping from provincial smugness. Similarly, to return to Mr. Chesterton, Americans realize the practical value of English standards and experience. Civic profit may be derived, for example, from a careful study of the manner in which His Majesty's judges dispose of cases quite like those which the United States judiciary allows to wander down incalculably tenuous avenues of argument. If we may trust Dickens, time was when British magistrates would have dealt with the case of Senator Fall in the same manner as that which our morning papers describe—the manner of Simon Simple who was forever emptying a barrel of water with a sieve. The important thing about the methods of justice is that they should really be methodical; and it is passing strange that a nation which is eager to measure its progress in mechanics or finance with the work done anywhere and everywhere else, should ignore the obvious lessons of comparison in a matter so fundamental as the administration of law.

The methods of intellectual commerce are no less interestingly comparable. Dr. Wallace Buttrick's recent criticism of our collegiate educational practice —a criticism which really ought not to be filed with the innumerable other utterances on the same subject —was obviously founded upon some steady observation of what is being done at Oxford. The hostility to textbooks and the fondness for "mature and mellow men of wide learning and human sympathies," are notably in conformity with the ideal which the dons of many generations have upheld with varying success in the halls of Balliol and Magdalen. But though there is much to be said for this effort to smash the too restraining machines of culture, American students have taken their own straightcut to the conquest of information. Englishmen can no longer be indifferent to the busy young men and women from across the water, who nose in pamphlets and documents until, like Professor Wallace and many another, they emerge with conclusions which set the conservative and cocksure old "authority" agog. Yes, it is really a good thing for England—as well as for us—that the judgments of even Mr. Edmund Gosse should be subject to revision by men whom the new world has made wise. And if we are still more deferent to the older countries than they are to us, we have commendably outgrown the habit of feeling uncomfortable whenever The Spectator or London Times peers condescendingly westward.

An American who appraises his country with a becoming fondness will note the myriad priceless intimacies of its past and present. No matter where he may wander, he will feel with Hawthorne "a desire to be at home once more." We have our own heroes, habits, and lingering vistas of fantasy. But in all truth, our destiny is to acquire more of all these things—more with each decade, and from every part of the world, because the colors of our culture are motley and not yet dry. Whenever America ceases to grow, it will in a sense cease to be. Shall we find a revolutionary symbol for this truth, and by welding Emerson and Whitman declare that our positive quality is to deny the rest of the world? Or shall we prefer to admit that our country is the still continuing confluence of many streams, each beautiful and memorable? Perhaps there is a salutary guide to the answer in the festival for all the world which we are to sponsor during the coming summer. The Eucharistic Congress is a point at which a swirl of differing national temperaments and ideals will come to a reverent pause: it will celebrate the unity of western civilizations by the very fact that it does homage to the Heart of civilization. For the hill of Christ is a healing mountain beyond which we shall never climb, and from it there streams the light of happy peace upon all the horizons of mankind.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THERE is a good deal of justifiable optimism about the probable outcome of the discussion which is now involving the League of Nations. Admirers of the work already done at Geneva feel that the effort of France and Poland to offset the entry of Germany into the Council will be settled, one way or another, without impairing the future of the organization. They observe that the League has assumed an importance so great that the very presence of desire to control it is an argument for its permanence. But not even the most optimistic can ignore the gravity of the present crisis. Germany is the corner-stone upon which the Locarno compact rests, and this compact is, up to date, the greatest bulwark of the League. Will Germany get what it was understood she should receive—equality in the direction of European affairs? If not, nothing short of the cordon of hostile nationalities will induce the Reich to abide by the spirit of Locarno, or to abandon aggressive ambitions to unify German Central Europe. Are Poland and the Latin nations to be summarily pushed into diplomatic defeat? The effect would be to kindle the spirit of nationalism to a point of fury it has not known since the war. Obviously there is need of a skilful arbitrator, and it is to be hoped that this arbitrator will be Sir Austen Chamberlain.

IF we are to credit one portion of the British press, Sir Austen actually committed himself to the support of the French and Polish view. This is denied in turn by the friends of the Premier, who assert that he did nothing more than promise to submit the controversy to the fullest discussion. In either case, it is clear that Sir Austen will be hard pressed to satisfy public opinion in his own country, not to mention conflicting points of view on the continent. One sees at a glance that the reason for giving so much optimistic publicity to the Locarno agreement was precisely to offset, spiritually at least, a situation like the one which has just arisen. The British Premier apparently hoped that a wave of idealism would sweep Germany into the Council and that all would be well. Perhaps everything would actually have proceeded according to schedule, were it not for the indubitable rise of Italy to a position of crucial diplomatic importance. If Mussolini has succeeded in forming a treaty with Jugoslavia with the object of preventing German-Austrian confederation, he has responded to the soft harp music of Locarno with a stirring trumpet blast. Once again he makes it apparent that the virus of European nationalism cannot be overwhelmed with one dose of moral antitoxin.

THOSE who have held out against the attractions of Geneva idealism point to what they consider a realignment of power, with England and Germany joining hands against the rest of Europe. They believe that sooner or later Russia will be attracted to these two, with economic and political consequences too enormous to foresee. At present such theories seem far from tenable. The fortune of Britain lies, not in forming a new alliance, but in developing the League to a point where it can at least relatively guarantee the peace of the continent. Her supreme opportunity is the status quo. Therefore, it will be exceptionally interesting to observe the effort to be made in the near future for the amicable adjustment of League difficulties. If the English can win, their victory will have an importance far beyond anything so far achieved by their statesmen. But unless a satisfactory compromise is effected, the gateway to the inroads of nationalism will have been broken down, with results potentially disastrous.

THE important thing to do with a subject like the Volstead Act is to think. No matter how statistics may bear upon this law, all of us realize very well that there is a difference of opinion—of that same opinion which, theoretically at least, is supposed to control the civic character of the United States. We all have a right to view the situation in accordance with our moral and intellectual principles; and the sacrifice of this right indicates not heroism or superior morality, but simply a timid shrinking into comfortable conformity. People who argue for quietism on the plea that "the government must be supported" seem to forget momentarily what government is. And so Mr. George Martin's article in the Groton School Quarterly—an article to which unusual publicity has already been given—is valuable because it places the

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whole matter of Volsteadism where it belongs. It makes it a topic for conversation, for repartee, for disagreement—but not for enforcement.

"THE statute is founded on a lie; that more than one-half of 1 percent alcohol is intoxicating," says Mr. Martin. "It is enforced by a lie; that one offense constitutes a nuisance. It tortures the ancient equity practice into police-court procedure solely in order that those accused may be deprived of a jury trial, that palladium of our civil rights, by the previous instance of an injunction, while it impresses the unwilling landlord into the police force by threats of padlocks. It is enforced against the weak, but not against a person like the Cunard Line, which has the British government back of it. It is enforced, as war is waged, by lying propaganda, by stool-pigeons and spies, by John Doe search-warrants, by unlawful breaking into homes, by putting poison in spirits that those who will not conform may drink—and die." We offer no enforcement of Mr. Martin's summary. But those who grant its substantial accuracy and still swear by Volsteadism ought to concede, at least, that in order to make their cherished point they have turned the orderly process of United States government into something that it never previously was—and by the grace of heaven, never shall be again.

IT is not quite clear why such a portentous anonymity should be maintained round the names of the "many wealthy New Yorkers" who, as announced recently by the New York Times, are prepared to do their share in financing a sweeping scheme of housing betterment, along the lines of Governor Smith's proposals. In commenting upon these at the time they were first made, The Commonweal took due note of the difficulty caused by the attraction to builders and investors of more grandiose schemes promising higher returns. The figures quoted upon three groups of apartment buildings where apartments are to be rented at moderate figures that include heat and water, throw a good deal of light upon the inevitable complaint made by gougers and profiteers that property properly built and kept up cannot earn a "fair return." Of three groups in Queens, Bayonne, and the one in the improved section of the East side of Manhattan at Fifty-seventh Street, the return on investment is 9, 6, and 6 percent. In the three cases the rentals range from $9.00 to $14.00 a month per room.

ONE thing stands out very clearly from the report made by the Times of the opinions held by these practical capitalists. The erection of apartment buildings for salaried workers, carried out on the old principle of private enterprise and borrowed capital, is antiquated and must be changed if the problem is to be solved in satisfactory shape. The burdening of such enterprises with a second profit to the benefit of inert capital is responsible for much of the wage-earner's hardships. In homely phrase, the more numerous the hands that pass the buck, the heavier the buck is likely to prove to the ultimate victim. Although the financial group does not approve of Governor Smith's proposal to use state funds or credit as a substitute, it is understood to be in favor of a state guarantee for private lenders, amounting to much the same thing.

WHAT is not yet exactly a crisis in the nursing profession, but might easily become so, is revealed in an article, by Mary Ross, published in the last number of The Survey of New York. The article reviews a number of findings unearthed by questionnaires sent out by medical societies in New York City, Brooklyn, and New York State, requesting groups of nurses whether in hospitals or private practice to state their opinion of present conditions of work and pay, and their general contentment with their lot in life. A large minority, varying from 39 percent in Buffalo to 33 percent in New York City, replied that they would be glad to leave the nursing profession, and even among those who expressed a determination to remain, a considerable proportion gave as their reason that they were "too old to do anything else."

THERE is, perhaps, no single group of workers to whom the public's good will is secured as solidly and on such good grounds as the women whose gentle offices make pain and sickness bearable and upon whose intelligence and faithfulness life and death so often depend in an emergency. But, as is the case with nearly all the classes graded as "vocational," the cheerfulness and alertness that they carry as bravely as a soldier carries a flag is taken too often for granted. Any suspicion that removable hardships press upon them should be taken account of, not only by the faculty under whose orders they work, but by the general public as well. Many of these are commented upon by the Survey article. Long hours (averaging twelve a day) the fact that the profession runs quite early into an impasse so far as earning power is concerned, the insecurity of private nursing, a short and unpensioned working life, are all items in the situation which is creating a shortage of alert women of good education, willing to adopt the nursing profession.

THREE practical suggestions are made by Miss Mary Ross at the conclusion of her article. The fact is duly noted that there is less dissatisfaction among women engaged in public health nursing, industrial clinics and similar corporate work with definite hours and duties—indeed, many of those canvassed gave the hours of enforced idleness that must be endured in private cases as far more of a grievance than overwork. One of the suggestions is for a central registry, jointly supervised by doctors and nurses, that might grade work according to ability and experience.

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Another is for a scheme of hourly nursing for cases that do not demand a whole day's work, to be paid for at rates somewhat better than those reigning at present, which, in New York City at least, are about what is paid a competent laundress. A third is for the same system applied to private cases in hospitals where the cost of individual nursing presses so hardly upon patients of slender means. One suggested remedy, which comes from a group of doctors in Erie County, New York, one hopes will never be found necessary—and that is, the lowering of the educational standard for probationers. It has taken the nursing profession less than a hundred years to work itself up from the night-light and mobcap of Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris into a group of intelligent and devoted women of whom every community is proud, and any leveling down with a view to produce quantity at the expense of quality would be regrettable in the extreme.

THE pendulum swings as artists talk of their theories, and sometimes a sudden voice asks: "What is art?" From his aristocratic pulpit, Pierre Lafue thunders a dictum which will stir many to wrathful protest: "One may declare with perfect safety that there is in all art one thing of permanence—a kind of irreducible residue which is present in the Iliad as well as in the Divine Comedy. It is absurd to speak, in this sense, of modern art. There is simply art, though the form of expression may be different." If, as M. Lafue declares further, the novel has been unable historically to capture this irreducible residue, the conclusion would be that novel-writing is a deluded attempt to be artistic. Much of it certainly is. We sometimes have the feeling that narrative of real life is necessarily too gross to incorporate what is basically fine in the vision of beauty. Most of us, however, concede that if what is abidingly radiant in actual living could be set forth dramatically, the result would be transfiguring and permanently valuable. We feel a great deal of sympathy with those writers who are struggling to be real rather than merely realistic. Therefore, the value of the series of articles written by Catholic novelists, now appearing in the Jesuit review, America, are of unusual interest. We have noted especially the paper on Nature and Grace in the Novel, by Montgomery Carmichael. It outlines the scope and studies the limitations of religious fiction with much common sense and insight. Further papers are promised; and in its entirety the series ought to provoke healthy discussion.

THE Catholic Art Review, a new periodical to be published six times a year in London, promises to be a significant publication. Two at least of the articles in the issue for November and December are of so suggestive a nature that they deserve comment all their own. The complaint is often heard that religious art, which once presented its saving symbols by every roadside and at every street corner, has been driven into churches and chapels where only those who seek it can find it. But very few artists have the courage or enthusiasm to envisage a movement which might restore it to the familiar places of every-day life it once occupied. M. Georges Desvallières, the well-known French sacred artist, will be satisfied with nothing less, and makes his point with that courage and indifference to criticism which is one of the most hopeful features of an age full of hope—if one considers it sanely. Possibly the artist's suggestion that "in certain quarters" of big cities, chapels might well be kept open all night, and the old custom of reciting the full office from darkness to dawn be resumed, is one rather for meditation than immediate action. Perhaps the same may be said of his invitation to architects, to incorporate once more in their ornate façades, niches for statues of the Virgin or of patronal saints. Positivism—the coldness and timidity that rests like a blight even upon professing Christians—will be quite sure to furnish objections that have all the air of finality. But happily one objection of which M. Desvallières takes note, can be disposed of quite as summarily in America as in Europe: "Don't talk to me of a lack of Christian artists. They grow in number every year."

ANOTHER article in this new review, The Symbolism of Death in Art, by K. L. Jenner, deals rather roughly with what might be called the "macabre" aspect of death which has infiltrated itself into popular art and religion. Skulls and crossbones, tear-drops and coffin lids—all the horrific, dismal paraphernalia of the sexton and undertaker, are not for Mr. Jenner, who refuses to assign them a parentage that goes back much beyond the late middle-ages. They are even accused of being spurious conceptions imported into Christianity from the paganism it overcame. "In early Christian art," declares Mr. Jenner, "I have not been able to find one single instance of death portrayed as an entity. It was regarded simply as a state which led to eternal life. In the Catacombs, those valleys of martyrs whose whole raison d'être is a resting place for the dead, death is treated only as a passing state of no consequence compared to the glory of its conqueror. Death is swallowed up in victory."

THE recent death of Professor William Bateson, F.R.S., deprives the world of a man of science whose Toronto speech of four years ago is described in the current number of Science as the "fateful" utterance, "the Serajevo shot," which stirred up all the trouble there has since been over the matter of evolution. He was the son of a president of Saint John's College, Cambridge, and there will be many who will remember his mother as one of the foremost and most ardent supporters of Parnell in his home-rule campaigns. He himself was a "herald of revolt," as he proved when visiting America. His chief book, Materials for the

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Study of Variation, a work of immense research, surprised the scientific world by bearing at the head of its first chapter the words—"All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds." Thus he emphasized the discontinuity of nature.

IT was in the preface to this work that he denounced the attitude of those who preach certainty in science where there is no certainty, and as he said, "have taken on themselves the responsibility of giving to the ignorant, as a gospel, in the name of science, the rough guesses of yesterday that tomorrow should forget. Truly they have put a sword in the hand of a child." Bateson never feared to utter his opinions on any subject, even in the day when scientific boycott was the fate of those who did not utter the fashionable shibboleths of the time. In his Australian address, as president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, he declared that except for his collection of facts, one would no more go to Darwin than to Lucretius or Lamarck for philosophical theory, thus cutting himself off from both neo-Darwinians and neo-Lamarckians. Bateson himself was frankly and fully a Mendelian, and more. He and De Vries and another were the co-discoverers of Mendel's long forgotten papers in the proceedings of the Brunn Natural History Society; and his work on Mendel's theory is the leading exposition of the subject in English. It was he, too, who maintained that no new thing can ever be added to the living organism and that the changes which occur in the process of evolution are due to the loss of factors which for a time inhibited the operation of others. His colleagues saw as clearly as he did that this led to a position difficult to hold; and it was said by one wit that, on Mendelian lines, Adam was only a modified amoeba, and by another that the process from the amoeba to Adam was merely that of taking out one safety-pin after another.

NEITHER the invigorating calm of the counsel of Saint Francis de Sales, as preserved for us in books which bless the heart, nor the immaculately beautiful letters of Saint Jane Frances de Chantal have failed to win the approval of modernity. The story of the lofty affection which they shared is treasured by very many of those who do not, as yet, care for the dogmatic certainties upon which their lives were built. And so the shrine at Annecy, where their relics remain side by side, is the goal of a benignant pilgrimage which will grow with every year, bringing together from all parts of the world those who can understand and cherish spiritual nobility. But this shrine is also the result of heroic endeavor: when during 1911 the old Visitation convent was surrendered to the municipality, the nuns moved to the other side of the mountain, braving both the Alps and modern building costs. The work has progressed slowly during and since the years of war, so that a portion of the basilica which had been planned to house the sacred memories of the two saints is at last completed. Meanwhile, the Sisters of the Visitation feel that all the world is coming to be interested in the task; and through the Visitation convent of Georgetown, Washington, D. C., they invite Americans to help the undertaking.

AMONG the many tributes called forth by the death of Cardinal Mercier, possibly none is more touching than the story contributed to the Berliner Tageblatt by Dr. Heinemann, a veteran of the great struggle. He relates that he stood in the Malines cathedral, wearing the German uniform and feeling disconsolately alone. Two churchmen crossed the aisle and whispered something in Latin. The soldier turned promptly and answered in the same language—to Cardinal Mercier. An invitation to dinner followed, with more Latin and a blessing from the venerable host who said—"An old man who has always tried to do his duty, blesses a young man who is going to do the same. May God watch over your young life." Dr. Heinemann concludes his memento—"The old man is dead now, at five-and-seventy. He was Germany's relentless but honorable foe. . . . In that country, perhaps only one man is sorrowful over his parting hence; a man of thirty, whom a bitter life has made old before his time; who was once a little subaltern bidden to a birthday feast by an old man, in years of blood and hate."

OUR IMMEDIATE NEIGHBOR

WHAT does Mexico mean to us? To judge from an editorial in The Nation for February 24, it is a string of oil wells which United States millionaires will tell any number of lies to get. They are now telling lies through the press. They are sending out reports to the effect that a hideous persecution of the Church has broken out—when, as The Nation happens to know very well, "all has been serene and peaceful for months," and "notice has been given to foreign clergymen to cease their professional activities or leave the country."

Mexico, through its representatives and the righteous Mr. Villard, is obliged to tell the people of the United States that it is merely enforcing the Constitution which, signed in 1917, was the basis for our recognition of Señor Carranza. Since every nation is entitled to enforce its fundamental law, we are asked to disregard "yarns" which, "wholly misleading in fact and implication," have their source in petroleum.

The relative mental innocence of this point of view is pardonable only on the plea that the spectre of plutocracy has destroyed the writer's vision of reality. A separate article in this issue of The Commonweal deals with the background of the Mexican offensive against

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the Church. We wish merely to say here that, as should be obvious even to the innocent, no great people can be indifferent to the rampages of ferocious nationalism in neighboring countries. Utterly regardless of oil, the citizens of the United States have certain legitimate life and property interests established by common law in Mexico, and entitled to protection. We do not clamor for an armed defense of these. But it seems rather obvious that if the Calles government proceeds to abrogate them it will be at least as much of a hostile nuisance as the robber who should so far forget himself as to hold up the estimable editor of The Nation. And if it is not just to use such rights and interests as a pretext for becoming indignant over Mexican treatment of religion, it is equally unjust to blanket that treatment with a reference to "oil." Are worship and liberty being outraged by Calles? Is a constitution which permits such outrages a document which we care to commend? Is it Mr. Villard's idea of a "serene and peaceful" country that faith should end in martyrdom, and sacrifice in ruin?

For this famous constitution was drawn up by a junta interested only in its own aggrandizement and probably too stupid to do more than revive an older law which, under Diaz, had mercifully been permitted to gather dust upon its insolent provisos. To apply it is not to halt aggression upon oil. It is simply to proceed as far as possible toward the destruction of the Catholic Church in Mexico. It is to carry out a grim attempt to rob the remnants of prestige and property still held in the name of religion. Confiscating ecclesiastical buildings and institutions is a benign preliminary step—because, as Mr. Villard seems to feel in the depths of his humanitarian soul, it is always beautiful to see "reform laws" being observed. Somehow or other, however, we do not admire a neighbor who lives according to so enlightened a code. We believe that most of our fellow-citizens join in the feeling that bravos are out of place.

It is true that some Americans, adherents of non-Catholic churches, have professed to welcome the day when the Faith which the Spanish missionaries had planted at the cost of enormous sacrifice, would be blotted out. But, though one or the other of these may have—as Bishop Kelly once declared—done what he could to promote the dissolution of Catholic enterprise, the great majority of citizens in the United States are too fully aware of the difficulties which beset workers in the cause of religious culture to let the fact that they themselves are not Catholics stand in the way of their detestation of an attempt to destroy what has been done—in the name of one of the most besotted cliques ever to have appropriated the good name of a Latin-American people. The present fate of Catholic priests may be the fate of the Episcopal bishop of Vera Cruz, or of the Methodist preachers, or of the Y. M. C. A. We are all of us faced with the same danger. No one can afford to be indifferent to what is happening in Mexico for the reason that no one can remove the United States to a safe distance from Mexico.

The Church must always be prepared to endure persecutions. During the past year we have honored the memory of martyrs who succumbed to Iroquois torture, and the glory of that great throng of other loyalists who died together on the hill at Nagasaki. There are forces in human nature which rise to kill what is kindly; there are sometimes weaknesses in religious representatives which provoke enmity and discord. If Mexico is destined to war upon the kingdom of Christ, it would in all likelihood be impossible for us to impose a peace by armed force. Nor do we believe that United States intervention in Latin-America is desirable, whatever reasons may be advanced. But we do hold the time to be ripe for a definite, realistic attitude toward Mexican affairs. We do feel that in fairness to Catholics in the United States, our government should cease favoring those whose position in the groping nation to the south of the Rio Grande is based upon nothing better than the worst indecencies of materialism.

It is impossible to forget what followed in the wake of the intervention which put an end to the Huerta government. That sacrifice of American life was made, avowedly at least, on the principle that patriotic duty required the observance of certain international courtesies. But neither the principle nor its corollaries proved abiding. We forgot all about them, while Mr. John Lind blew a private trumpet for "progress," in the name of that illuminated Minnesota coterie to which he so fittingly belonged. It was almost inevitable that we should be hoodwinked into underwriting the Carranza Constitution. Nothing short of a miracle could have disturbed the supreme complacency with which we permitted ourselves to accept the fiction that the poor peon could create a better government and civilization than what the bearded and bloated gamblers of Mexico City had in store for him. Nothing short of a miracle could have disturbed this complacency, we say, because our ignorance was abysmal.

It is even yet abysmal. Fictions concerning the stand of the Catholic hierarchy and the purposes of Catholic education, as circulated by such papers as El Universal, find their credulous audience here. It may be too much to expect of the American people that they should be able to distinguish between truth and falsehood in the news reports. But what has been said here has been uttered in the hope that representative citizens of the stamp of Mr. Villard will bravely see the issue as it is and cease to continue befogging with "oil" a question which is simply the old, plain issue of religious peace. That hope is of some importance to this country. For unless we are careful, we shall awake some morning to find that our neighbor's house is not merely in ruins but also, and terribly, on fire, and gravely menacing our own.

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THE "VENERABILE"

SOME years ago Monsignor Hugh Benson, in one of his later novels, imagined for us a walled Rome, set apart and secluded from the rest of the world, and untouched even by the most plausible of its improvements, to which a generation that had obliterated the past might repair from time to time, for refreshment and relief when the multitude of its inventions became intolerable.

The pious vision is not likely to be realized; indeed, every day that passes seems to set it further and further from actuality. It is the fate of the Eternal City to be a perennial city as well, renewed and refashioned unceasingly, where every spadeful of earth that is excavated turns up to the sky the reproachful mask of vanished ages. To the lover of the past there is something almost heartrending in this constant boring and tunneling through a compost of human life that has swarmed at the highest pitch of civilized intensity for 3,000 years in one circumscribed area.

The news that improvements, which include a public market, are now threatening the English College in the Via Monserrato comes as something of a shock to all lovers of Rome whose interest does not, as is too often the case, end with the overthrow of the ancient world. To English Catholics it is particularly ungrateful tidings. The "improvements" will entail the disappearance of a sanctuary associated with the most tragic days of their faith. To them the "Venerabile," as it has always been called, has been a household name for four centuries. For their hunted priests it served as an asylum. For the students who reinforced the hard-pressed Church, it was something more than a mere seminary. Set in surroundings that were eloquent of past persecution and martyrdom, it brought home to them daily the lesson that the Kingdom of Heaven was still to be won by violence, and that the blood of martyrs had not ceased to be the seed of the Church. Even Catholics in whose traditions England plays no part, will not contemplate the disappearance of the venerable fabric without regret. For centuries it has reminded them that what English Catholics endured for the sake of their faith, was but one phase of an ordeal that did not spare brothers by creed and spiritual allegiance in other lands.

An article in a recent issue of the London Times gives an interesting account of the threatened college. Established in 1330 as a hospice for the relief of English pilgrims, who were being victimized by an earlier generation of profiteers, it was taken over by Henry VII as a residence for the constant legates and ambassadors who were passing between England and Rome in the stormy days of the early sixteenth century. Cardinal Pole, Cardinal Allen, Dr. Goldwell of Saint Asaph, the last English bishop whose orders were recognized as valid by Rome, and Dr. Griffith Roberts, the Welsh grammarian and confessor of Saint Charles Borromeo, were all residents. It was Cardinal Allen, that great pilot of the English church through the hurricane of the second Reformation, who, in 1579, transformed the foundation into a seminary for the education of priests "for the mission," as a sister house to Douay and Rheims.

The annals of the Venerabile make curious reading. The sturdy English lads who filled its walls, candidates for martyrdom as one and all were, refused to abate a jot of their national prejudices or patriotism. Their insularity breaks out in one quarrel after another. They objected to Jesuit discipline, to Italian government of any sort. They insisted on heavy, sweet puddings of sound English texture. "They are endeavoring to establish a sort of democracy," reports one puzzled Cardinal visitor, even while reporting that the lads are "modest, continent and of great piety." At the time of the Armada they are openly anti-Spanish, hurrahing for English victories and frankly grieving when any news of a Spanish success reaches them. They refuse to cap to Spanish Philip's ambassador, and, after Parsons's attack on Elizabeth's right to the throne, "could hardly bear to hear his name."

Yet, one hundred years later, their loyalties are all for the exiled Stuarts. The feast which Cardinal Howard gave in 1688 to celebrate the birth of the Prince of Wales to James II and Mary of Modena, included "an ox, roasted whole, being stuffed with lambs, fowls, and provisions of all kinds." In 1721, the "old Pretender" (who is James III anywhere legitimism is respected) is their guest of honor, and present at a Mass celebrated by Pope Clement XI.

Strangely enough, leading Protestants from persecuting England seem to have made a point, throughout penal times, of visiting the college where the young men whom they would hang, draw and quarter so soon as they set foot on its shores, were being trained for martyrdom. In the pages of the guest book, we are told, can be found the signatures of Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood; the Puritan poet, Milton; and the prim diarist, Evelyn.

Suppressed for twenty years by Bonaparte and the French Directorate, the Venerabile resumed its task of training English seminarists early in the nineteenth century, under secular priests of their own race. Among their first pupils, and subsequently their loved rector, was that father of the English Catholic revival and link between two ages, Cardinal Wiseman.

Efforts, we are told, are being made to secure some change in Mussolini's architectural scheme which will spare the historic buildings of the Venerabile college, and they are said to have strong diplomatic support. In the interests of history and religion alike, it is to be hoped they will succeed, and that a fabric which has harbored so much devoted and generous blood will be spared. Ours is a generation with an intact belief in its own inventions. But it can ill afford to lose a memorial so unique to a faith so sorely tried.

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MEXICO: THE LAW OF THE LAND

By CHARLES PHILLIPS

WHEN we Americans read in our morning papers, day after day, news of persistent and continually increasing trouble between the government of Mexico and the Catholic Church, we are pretty sure to ask sooner or later, and not without impatience: "Who is to blame?"

We are disposed to be a bit short with Mexico and her affairs. And no wonder; for this fresh news of Mexican church persecution comes hard upon the heels of a long orgy of sensational items concerning the difficulties which American money interests have been suffering at the hands of official Mexico. We had grown a bit tired of that; we even had suspected a dash of "oil" propaganda in it all, the "interests" using the press, perhaps, to stir up sentiment in this country against Mexico, sentiment which might be calculcated in good time to produce a repercussion in Washington—and later in Chapultepec. Well, nothing came of that.

But here now, we say, is something different; here is a situation that touches American sentiment to the quick. Human liberty! Freedom of conscience! Our tradition! Perhaps these Mexicans are a bad lot, after all.

But alas for a suspicious age! A new speculation begins to prompt us. Is it possible that this also is propaganda—that the "interests," having failed in their attempt to stir up feeling through the exploitation of their own woes, are now "selling" this Mexican church situation to our press in the desperate hope that we, who were cold to the cry of finance in distress, may yet rise hot to the call of religious freedom? And is there, then, no real "church situation" at all in Mexico? Is it just a scare worked up by "oil" to manufacture feeling for the protection of American money interests in Mexico?

To one who knows Mexico there is no puzzle in the situation; while as for "oil"—"oil" here meaning any form of American capitalistic investment in Mexico—as for "oil" making even a gesture of defense on behalf of the persecuted Church, that is nothing short of ironical. If truth be told, the history of America-in-Mexico, at least as the Mexican sees it, is anything but a story of religious freedom championed and defended. On the contrary, again at least as the Mexican sees it, it is largely because there have been and are powerful American money interests in Mexico that the Church has been and is being persecuted.

"If American capital—not to speak of American missionary influences—wielding power at Washington, had not for the past hundred years succeeded in gravely misrepresenting the Mexican people to the people of North America, we would have political liberty and religious freedom in Mexico today, instead of the despotism of a tyrannical ring whose power rests heavily on the moral support of the United States government. Twice at least in the history of our country we came very near having representative government—but in both cases the interference of America spoiled it all; once a century ago, and once after the deposition of Diaz."

Twenty times, at least, have I heard this story from thinking men in Mexico. They feel, these Mexicans, that the bulk of their troubles, including, certainly, their Church troubles, can be traced to us, for the simple reason, as they put it, that time and again we have backed with guns as well as with moral support the worst and most unrepresentative elements in Mexican political life—not because we love bad Mexicans, but because we love our oil, and will make any sacrifice for it—even the religious freedom of our neighbors.

To the Mexican, then, there is real irony in imagining "oil" playing the rôle of champion of the persecuted Church. American oil could not very well play that rôle in Mexico. But it might be able to get away with it for awhile in the home press. And there is the nub of the situation as it relates to us—we are dependent on the press for our information. If the sources of our information become suspect, then we are puzzled, decidedly. And in the midst of the puzzle we are apt to lose sight of the real issue, which is not whether "oil" is exploiting a Mexican church situation for its own benefit, but whether there really is a Mexican church situation for "oil" to exploit; and if so, what that situation is.

To find these things out, we must try to get the Mexican slant on the matter; and if we do that it won't really matter to us whether or not "oil" is waving the red shirt of outraged freedom in the hope that the Eagle will scream. What matters to the Mexican, and should matter to us as lovers of human liberty, is that there is a situation in Mexico which is a disgrace to the world of thought and progress; a situation for which we ourselves are, in a certain measure, responsible; a situation which, in its seriousness, its violence, its flagrant repudiation of human rights, can hardly be exaggerated.

One of our press sheets published a news despatch from the Mexican capital recently which, whatever its purpose, really gives the key to the whole problem. This despatch told of the expulsion of a number of Catholic priests from Mexico "because they refused to take out citizenship papers." Now, as it happens, this is a very confusing piece of news; one

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which, if it issued from the sources of "oil" propaganda, miscalculated its effect. For any American reading that item would very naturally be inclined to side with, rather than against, the Mexican government.

The reporter who sent that despatch either misunderstood or was misinformed. Foreign clergymen are not expelled from Mexico because they refuse to take out citizenship papers. They are expelled because the Constitution of the republic of Mexico absolutely forbids any minister of any creed to remain as such in Mexico unless he be a native-born Mexican. "Only a Mexican by birth may be a minister of any religious creed in Mexico." So, explicitly and categorically, reads Article 130 of the Constitution of 1917. There is a big difference between the man who is expelled "because he refuses to take out citizenship papers" and the man who is expelled because he is debarred from the country by constitutional law.

The Mexican Constitution of 1917 is the root, the soul, the source, and the entire being of the Mexican church situation of 1926. That constitution is one of the most violent and radical anti-Christian, anti-religious documents ever concocted by the mind of bias—not excepting even the blood-red statutes of Bolshevik Russia. The present situation in Mexico, therefore, founded as it is in the constitutional law of the land, is far more than a passing thing; far more than a mere political thunderstorm to be used or not used by alien interests. It is a fundamental thing; it has its source in the very fabric of the Mexican state as that state now stands organized. And until we Americans come to understand this fact we will go on misunderstanding Mexico; we will continue to be bewildered by the Mexican news in our morning papers.

What, then, really is going on in Mexico? Nothing but a logical, and as far as the letter of the written law is concerned, a perfectly legitimate application of the national Constitution. Indeed, if every article in that constitution regulating religion and worship were applied literally and in full force, matters would be far worse than they are. As it is, this application has been, so far, more or less gradual (not, certainly, out of any tender feelings on the part of the government, but purely out of expediency) but it is none the less relentless, and it is none the less disastrous to the cause of human liberty and religious freedom—all the more so as it takes on momentum.

To begin with, the Mexican Constitution is really a spurious document. It bears the form of a body of constitutional law drawn up for a free people by their representatives; but actually it was framed and imposed on Mexico by an armed junta. In its essence it was manifestly born of that hatred of religion and religious freedom which is based on fear of a spiritual power opposed to the selfish interests of political materialists. Immediately it was born of a special hatred of the Catholic Church—the only organized spiritual force established in Mexico in absolute opposition to every tenet of the political materialist.

It is an historical fact that certain American "interests" in Mexico desired above all things that the Carranza government be recognized by the United States, and it is likewise an historical fact that it was the setting up of the Constitution of 1917 that finally did win our recognition. Apparently, the mere constitutional gesture was enough to satisfy us. We swallowed whole that passage of Article 130 which declares that "the Congress shall not enact any law establishing or forbidding any religion whatsoever," and we gave not a thought to the dozen or more restrictions on freedom of conscience which were boldly set forth in other passages, making this one perfunctory passage a ghastly joke. The fact of the matter is, we were duly and fully apprized of the real situation, the most serious protests being made to us by representative bodies of Mexicans. But no matter—the thing was done, and this violently anti-religious, anti-Christian, and anti-Catholic constitution was imposed on Mexico as the supreme law of a land whose population is at least 90 percent Catholic; and on the strength of it we gave Mexico our full recognition and endorsement. Say what we will at this late hour about the rights of Mexico to govern itself without our interference, the fact remains that the interference of our endorsement of the 1917 Constitution is what makes the Calles government bold and unscrupulous today in applying the constitutional law against freedom of conscience.

But does the Mexican Constitution really restrict and repudiate freedom of conscience? When one sees, as I have seen, churches not only razed to the ground, but their very stones pulverized for road-making; when one sees Catholics driven from their houses of worship at the point of the bayonet; priests hunted, bishops driven into exile; Catholic schoolchildren jailed because they are Catholic schoolchildren; Catholic seminaries raided, Catholic seminarians turned bodily into the street on five minutes' notice; Catholic workingmen thrown out of work and imprisoned because they refuse to join the Red Soviets—when one sees all this and a hundred other manifestations of bigotry run wild, and sees it done under the aegis of official action at the gun-point of government troopers, he wonders, if he be an American, if it is not all a horrible farce staged by ignorant and overzealous petty politicians gone crazy with power. He finds it difficult, indeed, to believe that it is all in accordance with the supreme law of the land—a land which calls itself a "free republican democracy."

But it is the law of the land—a law that prohibits any minister of any creed or religion unless he be Mexican born—which, applied, would reduce the religious ministry of Mexico to almost nil; for this nation of 15,000,000 people is, in the bulk of its population, Indian and ignorant—and, therefore, incapable of pro-

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ducing a native ministry at all in proportion to its needs. It is the law of the land that religious vows and monastic orders are prohibited (Article 5). It is the law of the land that "state legislatures have the exclusive power of determining the maximum number of ministers of religious creeds" (Article 130). In Tabasco, where a state law compels priests to marry, the above clause has been applied so as to provide one priest for each 30,000 inhabitants; in Guadalajara, one priest for each 6,000. It is the law of the land that priests "shall have no vote nor shall be eligible for office," and are "incapable legally of inheriting by will from any individual to whom they are not related by blood within the fourth degree" (Article 130). It is the law of the land that anyone who violates these statutes shall be deprived of trial by jury. It is the law of the land that every church or other religious edifice now existing, or ever to come into existence in Mexico, is the sole property of the state (Article 27) and that no religious rite shall be performed except in edifices under governmental supervision (Article 24). It is not only the law of the land that all places of worship are the property of the government, but likewise that the government "shall determine which of them may continue to be devoted to their present purpose" (Article 27). It is the law of the land that "episcopal residences, rectories, seminaries, orphan asylums, collegiate establishments, religious institutions, convents, or any other buildings built or designed for the administration, propaganda, or teaching of the tenets of any religious creed" shall be exclusively state property, "to be used exclusively for the public service" (Article 27).

It is the law of the land that there shall be no such thing in Mexico as religious education of any kind; all education shall be secular, whether in public or private institutions. "No religious corporation, nor minister of any creed shall establish or direct schools of primary instruction" (Article 3). "No charitable [i.e., free] institution for scientific research or the diffusion of knowledge shall be under the patronage, direction, administration, charge, or supervision of religious corporations or institutions, nor of the ministers of any religious creed nor of their dependents, even though either the former or latter shall not be in active service" (Article 27). Article 41 of the Primary Education Law of 1924 even forbids clergymen to visit schools: "As soon as it is evinced that a school is conducted, aided, or merely attended or visited by ministers of any sect, it shall be closed."

It is the law of the land that no academic credits shall be accorded any studies "carried on in institutions [seminaries] devoted to the professional training of ministers of religious creeds" (Article 130). So much for education, though there is, in fact, as much more that could be cited.

And what of charity? One clause of Article 127 is sufficient to put the quietus on Christian charity in Mexico: "Public and private charitable institutions for the sick and needy . . . mutual aid societies or organizations formed for any other lawful purpose . . . in no case shall be under the patronage, direction, administration, charge, or supervision of religious corporations or institutions, nor of ministers of any religious creed or their dependents, even though either of the former or the latter shall not be in active service."

It is the law of the land. That is the whole story of the Mexican church situation today. The story is told, in fullest detail, in the Mexican Constitution. Whether "oil" busies itself in the matter, for its own selfish purposes or otherwise, is really beside the question or at best only incidental. It is the law of the land, and there appears to be no way out of it for the Catholics or any other religionists as long as that law stands. As for "other religionists," those non-Catholic organizations which are now established in Mexico, seem to be for the moment unmolested. And alas, because too often their ministers are violently prejudiced against the Catholic Church; they are inclined to rejoice today because the application of the anti-religious laws of the Mexican Constitution is confined to their Catholic brethren. But they will be wise if they look ahead, or rather if they look deeply and search well into the fundamental motives which underlie this strange growth of prohibitive law. If they do that they will foresee the day when, in just such measure as they stand uncompromising in their own religious beliefs, in that measure will they, too, be persecuted as the Catholics are persecuted now. For it must be plain to anyone who studies this whole matter that while there appear to be exemptions for the ministers of Protestant creeds at the present time, and while the full force and violence of the anti-religious laws of the Constitution of 1917 seem now to be directed solely at the Catholic Church, the truth is that these laws are aimed at the whole idea of religion and of Christian civilization.

Plainly then, there is no mystery in the Mexican situation. It is simply a case of applying the law; and that law is the logical outcome of causes that go back to the fundamental war which natural materialism has always waged and always will wage against supernatural religion. This is the one fact which we Americans need to know when we are questioning whether or not there is a genuine religious problem in Mexico and what that problem is. Even a cursory reading of the Mexican Constitution answers both questions.

But reading the Mexican Constitution does not answer the question. After all, so far as we are concerned, there seems to be nothing to do now. We committed ourselves ten years ago when we let ourselves be hornswoggled into recognizing the then existing Mexican government merely on the strength of its having set up a constitution.

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MEN, THE MOB, AND MR. MENCKEN

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

MR. H. L. MENCKEN has been reading a series of articles upon the decay of radicalism published in The Survey, together with a book by Mr. Frederick C. Howe, The Confessions of a Reformer, with results that are set forth in Mr. Mencken's most readable style, and which, no doubt, will provoke many comments of varying sorts. At any rate, they provoke mine.

Mr. Mencken is now much more than the editor of the American Mercury and a writer whose books are at once the texts and the models of a new school of literary and social criticism. Important figure that he is in both capacities, he is rapidly becoming even more important as a passionate social reformer. The Pope recently said that Saint Paul, were he alive today, would be a newspaper man. Mr. Mencken is at least sufficiently like the Christians he otherwise has no use for, in his aptitude for practising Pauline newspaper propaganda on a national scale, through the medium of a series of syndicated articles which spread the influence of Mr. Mencken's ideas and his even more potent personality from coast to coast.

Through these articles he strenuously preaches the gospel of which he is the chief apostle. His creed may be roughly summed up in three or four dogmas. First, "the public is not only an ass but a poltroon and a scoundrel"; second, "minorities have always run this nation"; and, third, there exists today "an intelligent minority" capable (here is the meat of Mr. Mencken's Messianic message) of "rescuing the United States from the frauds and fanatics who now shame and harass all of us."

According to Mr. Mencken, The Survey was in error when it used the term radicalism in the series of articles which inspired Mr. Mencken's funeral oration over the grave of liberalism and his address of welcome to the coming dispensation of "the intelligent minority." "Most of the men and women whose views The Survey presents were certainly never radicals in any reasonable sense," says Mr. Mencken. "They were simply what the English used to call liberals. I point, for example, to William Allen White, to William Hard, to Newton D. Baker, and to Fremont Older." Frederick C. Howe, Walter Lippmann, Norman Hapgood, Roger Baldwin, Clarence Darrow, and Louis F. Post are other men named by Mr. Mencken as liberals or radicals who have foresworn their ideals and have confessed to the bankruptcy of the liberal, or radical, movement. What has happened to them all, in Mr. Mencken's opinion, can be stated simply and conclusively. They have all "changed because they no longer believe in the mob, because they are no longer democrats, because they have come to see at last that the morons they once sweated to save do not want to be saved and are not worth saving." They have "lost faith in the common man. That common man . . . was once the repository of all the virtues, the hope of the world. . . . He [the disillusioned liberal] knows better now, and, knowing better, he ceases to vision the millennium."

But Mr. Mencken, nevertheless, thinks that the movement was not in vain. Its chief value, according to him, was that it educated the liberal. Going into the movement as an idealist, and "believing in something that was palpably not true," namely, the value of the common man, the liberal has emerged as a realist, stripped of all illusions. Mr. Mencken rejoices over this, but evidently considers that the social usefulness of the deflated liberal is now about equal to that of a punctured tire. He has saved himself from further waste of energy, but Mr. Mencken turns his forward-looking gaze upon "the young American of tomorrow, developing an interest in public affairs," who "will not start off with that crippling baggage of error in his knapsack," which broke down the liberal movement. He "will address himself to the enlightened minority, trying to enlist its interest and get himself its support. The mob he will leave to demagogues, well aware that its bark is worse than its bite."

This is the blast of the horn of hope with which Mr. Mencken concludes his rather ghoulish oration over the dead or wounded victims of the liberal crusade. What precisely the young Americans of tomorrow, and their fellows of the intelligent minority are to do when they assume power, Mr. Mencken does not tell us. Nothing can be vaguer than a program which consists merely of "liberty." If the mass of the people are morons (poltroons and scoundrels to boot) can they safely be given "liberty"? If they have their own kind of liberty, what becomes of the liberty of the intelligent minority? Does Mr. Mencken in his fine prophetic frenzy envisage an American Mussolini? In addition to the long list of the former champions of liberalism who have quit the field, Mr. Mencken records the sad fate that has overtaken their organs of opinion. "The New Republic takes to religion," he says. "The Nation abandons liberalism for libertarianism. The Survey holds an inquest." Mr. Mencken modestly refrains from mentioning the advent of the Mercury, with its doctrine on the intellectual minority. We are less modest than he, however, for we firmly (though humbly) point to The Commonweal.

Now, The Commonweal believes that Mr. Mencken is perfectly right in much that he says in the article under discussion. Liberalism of the sort associated

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with the men and the journals he names, seems, indeed, to be dying, if not yet quite dead. Faith in the sort of vague democratic dogmas which were dear to the rather sentimental mood of the liberalism of before-the-war has passed away. We, too, believe that "the young American of tomorrow, developing an interest in public affairs," will do well, indeed, to "address himself to the enlightened minority, trying to enlist its interest and get himself its support." Men when they are behaving really like men—that is, creatures of God, endowed with free will and reason—always desire leaders. Only, their leaders must lead them aright. If not, they will discard them—as they have discarded the liberals.

We do not believe that the young American of tomorrow will get himself or others anywhere worth going to by choosing Mr. Mencken and his school for leaders. Certainly, he will not do so if he adopts the Menckenian contempt for the common man. We are quite willing to believe that Mr. Mencken and his followers belong to a minority. We readily grant, also, that in many ways he and his group are enlightened men. But they are not enlightened in regard to democracy. They miss the whole point upon which a reasonable society must base itself, when they turn their backs in scorn upon the common people.

There is another enlightened minority. It possesses a philosophy which in a special way, that hardly anybody in this country has realized yet, represents the case not only for the exceptional man but for the common man, not only for the leader, but for the led. It is this philosophy which explains this journal, The Commonweal. It explains its title, its method, and its purpose. That it is the philosophy of a very small minority, and that this organ is as yet the organ of a minority within a minority, we would be the first cheerfully to grant. But that the philosophy—no matter what happens to this particular organ of that philosophy—is destined to play an increasingly important part in the struggle of bewildered individuals and movements gone awry to attain some measure of lucidity, we do most strongly maintain.

The philosophy to which we refer derives directly from the religious tradition, practice, and principles of the Catholic Church. G. K. Chesterton recently said of it, in writing about Cardinal Mercier:

> Under all the necessary conditions of authority and a hierarchy, it does in the last resort defend the right of Tom, Dick, and Harry to certain things, which are exactly the things the new philosophies would take away from them, as things they are certain to misuse. Socialism means that the ordinary man cannot be trusted with private property, because he will waste it or grab too much of it. State education means that the ordinary man cannot be trusted with children, but will neglect them or teach them wrong. Most philanthropy or social reform means that he will thus misuse children or animals; most divorce, that he will thus misuse women; most science and hygiene, that he will thus misuse himself. How far exceptional modern conditions excuse this distrust, I am not now discussing; I am only pointing out that where the world now distrusts him, the Church still trusts him. And among these powers of the plain man, now subtly and almost secretly disputed, the power to own, the power to train, the power to rule a household, and so on, goes something else that is (in a far deeper sense than the debate suggests) the power to think.

In short, there are, no doubt, many morons among the mass of men, but men in the mass are not fools or tools; they are men, and the Church is their everlasting champion.

A highly interesting article in The Month by Father Wilfrid Parsons, the editor of America, says that the political tradition of the United States is nearly wholly Catholic although the majority of the citizens are Protestant or non-religious. Father Parsons goes on to say that it is from Saint Thomas Aquinas and from the political theories of the Catholic middle-ages that the American political tradition derives. The founders of the American Republic took their political thought from the English Whigs of the eighteenth century, who themselves took it directly from the writings of the Jesuit theologians, Suárez and Ballarmine, who took it from Saint Thomas—and the thought of Saint Thomas has been sealed with the approval of the Church. "This is particularly true of the origin of civil authority and of the end of law," says Father Parsons, "in both of which the traditional American doctrine clashes sharply with the contractual and naturalistic theories of Rousseau."

That there run along with this Catholic tradition of liberty, and the rights of the individual, and of the common people, certain other ideas derived from the makers of the French Revolution is, also, of course, quite true. But as Father Parsons points out, the supreme court, which has so often vindicated the natural law and the rights of Catholics, has preserved the original democratic theory derived from Catholic theology and Catholic practice practically unchanged in its traditions. The Constitution enshrines it. A few modern political heresies may be found tacked on to the Constitution, but there, nevertheless, is the essence of American democracy, and it is Catholic.

No political theory or movement which either boldly denies and would scornfully take away the right of the common man to his full share of this world's good things, and his due share in government, or which less boldly but more effectively robs him of his rights and privileges under the guise of all sorts of paternalistic schemes, will ever eventually succeed. There is that in man which the Church, at least, has always recognized and always will, his individuality as a person, and his right to his own full development. If sentimental democracy has failed, and if the world is not to go back to dictators and tyrants, it might certainly be well worth while trying, at least, the democratic dogmas of Catholicism.

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THE LOST CAPITAL OF MARYLAND

I. THE FOUNDING OF ST. MARY'S

By LOUIS W. REILLY

WHEN the colonists whom Leonard Calvert led from England to America to establish his brother's palatinate of Maryland, arrived at the province in March, 1634, they first sailed up the Potomac River about forty leagues to Piscataway, in search of an eligible landing-place. Finding, however, that the aborigines were numerous thereabouts, they resolved to commence their settlement lower down, lest, in case of attack, they should be in danger of having their retreat to the ocean cut off.

Accordingly, they retraced their course until they reached a tributary river about a dozen miles from the mouth of the Potomac. This broad stream they ascended until they came in sight of the Indian village of Chief Yaocomoco. They made overtures of friendship to the Redskins, whose good will they readily secured, and from whom they bought thirty miles of land on the right-hand shore, including the huts and the tepees that were then upon it.

The Maryland pilgrims, including two Jesuit priests, Fathers Andrew White and John Altham, disembarked from their ships, the Ark and the Dove, on March 25, 1634, and took possession of the place which they had purchased, and which they called St. Mary's.

There these hardy pioneers located the headquarters of their colony; there in a rude log-cabin they made a tabernacle for Christ and assisted in His worship; there they laid the broad foundations of an enduring commonwealth; there they set an example of just and peaceful dealings with the natives; and there they proclaimed civil and religious liberty, in an era when, both in their mother country and in all the other British colonies, a savage intolerance universally obtained.

For sixty years St. Mary's was the capital of Maryland; for sixty years it spread its kindly influence over an increasing population, contented and prosperous under a beneficent administration; for nearly sixty years it offered an asylum for all persons who believed in the Divinity of Jesus Christ and who needed a sanctuary from oppression in order to be able to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience; and for nearly sixty years it was a beacon of liberal institutions to all the neighboring states. Then its ruin was wrought. Then its good name was aspersed and its past services were repudiated. Then the seat of government was taken from it, and its prestige departed. Then falsehood triumphed, and bigotry prevailed, and persecution was enthroned in the place of the freedom which was its birthright.

The centre of the conspiracy that undid St. Mary's was at Annapolis.

That region had been assigned by the Proprietary, subject to his chartered rights, to a band of Puritans who were harried out of Virginia by the Episcopalians of that colony. They came in 1649. They had no sooner taken possession of the lands designated for them than they violated the agreement that they had made when they were seeking a refuge—they refused to take the oath of fidelity to the Maryland government. They "exceedingly scrupled," so they said, at the expressions in it of "absolute lord" and "royal jurisdiction." They likewise protested because "they must swear to uphold that government and those officers who were sworn to countenance and uphold Anti-Christ—in plain words expressed in the officers' oath—the Roman Catholic religion."

In reply to their objections, Lord Baltimore's representative, Mr. John Langford, aptly declared:

> There was nothing promised by my lord or Captain Stone to them but what was performed. They were first acquainted by Captain Stone before they came there with that oath of fidelity which was to be taken by those who would have any land there from his lordship; nor had they any regret to the oath till they were as much refreshed with their entertainment there, as the snake in the fable was with the countryman's breast; for which some of them are equally thankful. But it is now, it seems, thought by some of these people too much below them to take an oath to the Lord Proprietary of that province, though many Protestants of much better quality have taken it, and (which is more than can be hoped for some of these men) kept it.
>
> As to the government there, they knew it very well before they came thither; and, if they had not liked it, they might have forborne coming or staying there, for they were never forced to either. The chief officers, under my lord there, are Protestants. The jurisdiction exercised there by them, is no other than what is warranted by his lordship's patent of that province, which gives him the power and privileges of a count palatine there, depending on the supreme authority of England, with power to make laws with the people's consent; without which powers and privileges his lordship would not have undertaken that plantation, and have been at so great a charge, and run so many hazards as he hath done for it. . . .
>
> There are none there sworn to uphold Anti-Christ, as Mr. Strong falsely suggests; nor doth the oath of fidelity bind any man to maintain any other jurisdiction or dominion of my lord's, than what is granted by his patent. Though some of these people (it seems) think it unfit that my lord should have such a jurisdiction and domin-

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> ion there, yet they, it seems, by their arrogant and insolent proceedings, think it unfit for them to exercise farre more absolute jurisdiction and dominion there, than my Lord Baltimore ever did; nor are they contented with freedom for themselves of conscience, person, and estate (all of which are established to them by law there and enjoyed by them in as ample manner as ever any people did in any place in the world) unless they may have the liberty to debarr others from the like freedom, and that they may domineer and do what they please.

The Puritans prolonged their first insubordination for a year, during which time they remained outside of the operations of the Maryland government, taking no part in it and paying no deference to its legislation. But their scruples melted away for a time in 1650 when they elected two delegates to the Assembly that convened at St. Mary's on April 6 in that year. One of their representatives, Mr. James Cox, was at once elected Speaker of the House, which fact shows the magnanimous liberality of the loyal burgesses. Moreover, the Assembly modified the oath of fidelity to the Proprietary, expunging from it the phrases to which objection had been made, and substituting the clause "that they would defend and maintain all such his lordship's just and lawful right, title, interest, privileges, jurisdictions, prerogatives, propriety, and dominion over and in the said province, etc., not any wise understood to infringe or prejudice liberty of conscience in point of religion."

But in the very next year, 1651, the Puritans peremptorily declined to elect delegates to the Assembly, most probably because they hoped that Cromwell would rob Lord Baltimore of his palatinate. The Proprietary heard of their refractoriness with indignation. He wrote to Governor Stone to express his wonder at their ingratitude and perversity. He informed them that there was no truth in the rumors that his patent was to be nullified. He directed his lieutenant to admonish "the factious and turbulent spirits" to a better compliance with his government, and, if the warning were disregarded, to compel them to be law-abiding. If they neglected or refused to send burgesses to the General Assembly, they should be fined "according to their demerits; and, moreover, in case of their persistency in such refusal or neglect, then, that they be declared enemies to the public peace of the province and rebels to the lawful government thereof, and be proceeded against accordingly."

Black ingratitude marked the course of these Puritans, for Lord Baltimore had sheltered them when brother Protestants had broken up their conventicle and driven them from their homes; and in doing so, he had risked the friendship of the neighboring colony of Virginia and incurred the enmity of King Charles II, then in exile on the continent. So bitter was the latter's anger that, later, setting aside the Proprietary's right to name his own lieutenant in his palatinate, the monarch himself appointed a government for Maryland, openly stating in the commission that he did so "because the Lord Baltimore did visibly adhere to the rebels in England and admitted all kinds of sectaries and schismatics and ill-affected persons in that province."

But those narrow-minded fanatics detested the Proprietary because he was a Catholic, and no bounty of his to them could wean them from their hatred or cause them to forego a chance to injure his government.

When the cause of the Commonwealth triumphed in England and commissioners were sent out by Cromwell to reduce to subjection the American plantations that were unfavorable to his government, the Puritans seized the opportunity to exhibit again their malevolence to the authority to which they were so deeply indebted. Early in 1653 they addressed a petition to Richard Bennett and William Claiborne, the commissioners for Virginia and Maryland, in which, after alleging that they had been "invited and encouraged" to settle in the province and that they had done so at "great cost and danger," they declared:

> Now the Lord Baltimore imposeth an oath upon us by proclamation, which he requireth his lieutenant forthwith to publish; which, if we do not take within three months after publication, all our lands are to be seized for his lordship's use. This oath we conceive not agreeable to the terms on which we came hither, nor to the liberty of our consciences as Christians and free subjects of the Commonwealth of England. Neither can we be persuaded in our consciences by any light of God, or engagement upon us, to such an oath; but rather humbly conceive it to be a very real grievance and such an oppression as we are not able to bear; neither do we see by what lawful power such an oath, with such extreme penalties, can by his lordship be exacted of us who are free subjects of the Commonwealth of England and have taken the engagement to them.
>
> We have complained of this grievance to the late Honorable Councel of State, in a petition subscribed by us, which never received an answer, such as might clear the lawfulness of such his proceedings with us, but an aspersion cast upon us of being factious fellows; neither have we received any conviction of our error in not taking the said oath, nor order by that power before whom our petition is still depending, to take it hereafter; neither can we believe that the Commonwealth of England will ever expose us to such a manifest and real bondage (who assert themselves the maintainers of the lawful liberties of the subject) as to make us swear absolute subjection to a government where the ministers of state are bound by oath to countenance and defend the Roman Popish religion, which we apprehend to be contrary to the fundamental law of England, the covenant taken in the three kingdoms, and the conscience of true English subjects; and doth carry on an arbitrary power, so as whatever is done by the people at great costs in assemblies, for the good of the people, is liable to be made null by the negative voice of his lordship. But affirmative commands are incessantly urged and must not be denied.

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Therefore, the petitioners implored the commissioners to relieve them "and faithfully apply yourselves to our redress in what is just and our lawful liberty."

Bennett and Claiborne, the latter of whom had previously done his worst to destroy the infant colony, gave them a favorable answer. Together they cooperated against the established government to such an extent that Governor Stone, in a public proclamation issued on July 4, 1654, denounced them for "drawing away the people, and for leading the populace into faction, sedition, and rebellion against the Lord Baltimore."

Thereupon, the commissioners, taking with them some forces brought from Virginia and from the Puritan territory around the Severn and Patuxent Rivers, marched against Captain Stone and compelled him to yield to their authority "under his highness the Lord Protector." They appointed ten Protestants, the majority of whom were Puritans of Providence, to govern Maryland, giving them authority to hold courts and to summon an assembly, and prohibiting Catholics from voting. The ten convened a legislature, which began its sessions at Patuxent on October 20, 1654. One of its first laws was one that "enacted and declared that none who profess and exercise the Popish (commonly called the Roman Catholic) religion can be protected in this province by the laws of England formerly established and yet unrepealed."

This infamous measure was passed by the very men who had been saved from Protestant persecution themselves by the Catholic Proprietary of Maryland.

THE TRIUMPH OF SIGRID UNDSET

By CARL CRANSEN

SIGRID UNDSET is a new name in Scandinavian literature, reaching fame at a period coincident with the war and the years immediately following, when literary efforts suffered a prolonged depression in the northern countries. During this period she alone seems to have had courage to create, undaunted by the depressing atmosphere about her, and her creation reaches the expression of the very heights of Norse epic power.

Although her literary career had begun prior to the war, Sigrid Undset was comparatively little known before that unhappy epoch. She was born in Denmark in 1882, her father being the noted Norwegian archaeologist, Dr. Ingvald Martin Undset. Her mother was Danish. She soon moved with her parents to Oslo in Norway, where she grew up and received her education, first in the primary schools and thereafter in business college. Her graduation in 1899 was followed by ten years' employment in Oslo business offices, during which time she used her leisure to read and write poetry and prose. In the end the hard years were not without fruit.

Sigrid Undset's first literary production of more than amateurish value, a novel entitled Fru Marta Oulie, appeared in 1907. It is a story of an unhappy marriage, told with a somewhat artificial idealization which keeps the author from penetrating to the bottom of her subject. It was followed in 1908 by Den lykkelige Alder (The Happy Age) a collection of stories which already show her transition to more pure realism.

A year later she was able to give up her office work, and with the aid of a stipend made a journey over Germany, Italy, and France. In 1911 she undertook a second journey, at the outset of which she married the well-known Norwegian painter, Anders Svarstad. The broadening influences of these travels are noticeable in her subsequent works.

Jenny, hailed as Sigrid Undset's first great and remarkable novel, was published in 1911. The following year saw from her pen a new collection of short stories entitled Fattige Skjaebner (Poor Fates). The Poor Fates are the failures in life, either of the easy-going, ne'er-do-well type like Simonsen, whose picture is a masterpiece; or of the type of women who, for their very lack of the least bit of deviltry, fail to attract, and who in the end are content with the morsel of happiness they receive from dog-like submissiveness—the people, in a word, whom Miss Undset had come to know so thoroughly during her long years of commercial toil.

Two later collections, appearing in 1917 and 1918 respectively, are entitled Splinten av Troldspeilet (A Fragment of the Magic Mirror) and De kloge Jomfruer (The Wise Virgins). In the meantime, in 1914, another novel, Vaaren (Spring) came from the press. If not the greatest, it is one of the most beautiful of Miss Undset's earlier writings. Its characters are painted with exquisite charm, and its theme, though realistic, breathes an idealism as rare as it is true. A collection of poems, Ungdom (Youth) the material of which is drawn from the poorer quarters of Oslo and similar small Norwegian towns, had seen the light in 1910.

Miss Undset's main theme is nearly always the problems of young womanhood in facing the vital issues in life, and one feels that she deals with them largely from internal experience. In Den lykkelige Alder she had spoken her heart through Charlotte Hedels, the "office rat" with a philosophy, and literary yearnings, who wishes to write of her town and its "respectable toilers," and who feels the desire com-

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mon to her kind "to live one single moment with our whole being turned inward—into our own burning heart."

It is in Jenny, however, that she plunges headlong into reality. Jenny is a young artist who, one might think, would be content with her art, but in the long run she is unable to sustain her high artistic sublimation. At the dangerous age of twenty-eight she meets Helge, but their romance is shattered when she begins to discover his true, inferior nature. In her distress she seeks refuge in Helge's father, a forgotten artist, who, although devoid of talent, still holds the glamor of a past ideal. It is a desperate flight from the reality which has disappointed her to the nearest obtainable, yet feeble representative of her childhood's safe father ideal.

The same situation is found in En Fremmed (A Stranger) in Den lykkelige Alder. In that story Miss Undset makes such an idealistic refuge possible and allows the love of the elderly man to turn into protection of the young girl. But in Jenny she explodes her belief in the fine understanding of the elderly man. Their relationship has consequences, Jenny realizes her misstep and flees. Then, at a chance meeting, Helge, not knowing what has happened, forces his attentions upon her and conquers her physically. This experience leaves her disgusted and in despair. The attainment of her ideal seems now utterly hopeless, and her honesty rebels against the sham love which has ravaged her soul. She escapes her dilemma in a final flight from all reality.

Uni Hirsch-Hjelde, whose story begins in Den lykkelige Alder and is continued in Splinten av Troldspeilet, the most living, perhaps, of all Sigrid Undset's creations, solves her problem differently. Uni believes that she loves her art above all things and breaks her engagement with her too matter-of-fact fiancé, only to renew it and marry him when both realize the strength of their love. Subsequently, there is a reverse in her stage career, which makes her seriously doubt the reality of her talent; her artistic adjustment is destroyed. Love gradually dies out, and a few years of toilsome married life leaves her without romance. Then comes temptation; she hesitates, but in the end she remains steadfast for the sake of her children. Uni realizes that great, passionate happiness comes seldom and is transient, and that motherhood is a sufficient source of lasting contentment even when worldly ambition is crushed and romance dead. It is a woman's safest adjustment to reality.

Vaaren presents the problem from an entirely new angle. Here Miss Undset has departed from the average, the usual, and has selected two ideal characters, Rose and Torkil, who struggle heroically with their love and finally find one another. Torkil's love for Rose is established; Rose mistakes wounded pride for love, and they are married. Their early happiness rests in part on Rose's expectancy of motherhood, but when the child is still-born, and this element is removed, both come to realize that they are separated at heart. In this situation their individual points of view show the contrast between man and woman. Rose still clings to her husband because she wants motherhood; Torkil, despite his desire for her, insists that they separate since she does not love him. He wants the ideal situation or nothing. Torkil's firmness and self-denial for a high ideal, together with the violence of his passion which Rose feels in the stormy scene preceding their separation, transform him before her vision, and in the course of time the new Torkil she has glimpsed grows into the image of her ideal. So the ideal situation is established, and they are permanently reunited. But Torkil and Rose are distinctly the select few.

The second phase of Sigrid Undset's writings are stories laid in the middle-ages. She had always maintained a special interest in this era and had made profound studies in the history of Norse law and the theology of the middle-ages. Already in 1902 she had plans for a novel from the middle of the fourteenth century. As a prelude she wrote, in 1909, Fortaellingen om Viga-Ljot og Vigdis (The Tale of Viga-Ljot and Vigdis) a love story from the Viking period, and in 1915, Fortaellinger om Kong Arthur og Ridderne av det runde Bord (Tales of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table) in which the classical story is rendered in easy flowing prose and the human element is emphasized. Five years later her long-contemplated work appeared under the title, Kristin Lavransdatter. It had been eighteen years in preparation.

Kristin Lavransdatter is a novel in three volumes published in 1920, 1921, and 1922, respectively. It is the great masterpiece in Sigrid Undset's writings and easily one of the greatest in Scandinavian literature.

Against an historical background Miss Undset plots a story with strong modern appeal. Her characters are fully alive and present, their problems are still ours, and their external activities and speech are largely those we would expect among Norwegian farmers of today. Two factors in Norwegian life contribute to make possible this merging of past and present. Norway's nature has not lent itself to remodelling by human hands. The vast barren stretches, the birch forests, the meadows, and the farmhouses, which Sigrid Undset knows so well and depicts so realistically, are the same today as they were in the days of King Magnus Erikson. And the social and economic aspects of peasant life have changed little in Norway since the fourteenth century.

Miss Undset introduces an entirely new element in Kristin Lavransdatter, that of mysticism in a broad sense. She has grasped the spirit of the middle-ages in a manner remarkable for one brought up in Scandinavia, where every vestige of Catholic thought long

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since was swept away, and she has made it her own in its full width and depth, and fitted it masterfully in a realistic narrative.

The first volume, entitled Kransen (The Bridal Wreath) deals with Kristin's childhood, youth, and first love. But Lavrans Bjørgulfssøn, her father, is the real hero in this volume; his picture is drawn with all the manly virtues of an ideal father and master of a household. Young Kristin is her father's child; he is her joy and ideal. In due course of time she is sent to convent school in Nonnesaeter, having first been promised in marriage to Simon, in whom she is not interested, and there she manages to have trysts with Erlend, which lead to a romance and their engagement. Erlend stands in sharp contrast with Lavrans; he is the dashing, romantic adventurer who lacks the more sturdy virtues valuable in a man, but easily wins a woman's heart. Kristin knows that his reputation has suffered, not least because of illicit love affairs, yet she is irresistibly drawn to him and becomes his. At the marriage, to which Lavrans gives unwilling consent, she wears the virginal wreath although she has forfeited the right to it.

Kristin appears as mistress on her husband's estate in the second volume entitled Husfrue (The Mistress of Husaby) which also tells the story of her disillusionment. Her first birth with its excruciating sufferings, described with almost brutal realism, leaves her with feelings of bitterness toward Erlend. The contrast between their natures also begins to reveal itself. To Erlend, life is ever a round of adventure; to Kristin it is the toilsome cares of home and motherhood, the constructive activities of prudent husbandry; and while he is prone to forget, she remembers all, broods over every misfortune and slight, and lets bitterness grow in her heart. There are two scenes of outstanding merit—Kristin's pilgrimage to Nidaros to obtain the archbishop's absolution for her sin, and Lavran's death. The vision of Brother Edvin and Master Gunnulf's spiritual discourses enhance the Catholic atmosphere of the volume.

In the final volume, Korset (The Cross) it has come to open struggle between man and wife—it is a struggle for honor. Erlend seeks honor in the glamor of adventure; Kristin finds it only in toilsome efforts and in the service of high principles. Kristin and Erlend grow further apart; she leaves him and moves to her paternal estate to continue her father's husbandry. The climax comes when Kristin drives her returning husband from her home and curses him, only the next moment to clutch his dead body in her embrace when he falls, defending her against the mob which would punish her impiety.

In the final scenes of the book the plague ravages the country, and Kristin receives a new cross in the death of her children, her last real attachment to life. But she is safely anchored in her faith, which now inspires her to deeds of heroism. Braving death in her work of mercy she reorganizes the disrupted convent hospital, encourages and gathers the demoralized people, and so conquers the epidemic. She sees her whole battle with disease and superstition as one between good and evil, between the forces of God and those of the devil, and she rises to a victorious bearer of the light in her high religious sublimation.

There is one striking feature in all of Sigrid Undset's works, a great richness in detail. This richness in detail is of particular value in her mediaeval novels where it aids in the reconstruction of the historical setting. But in dealing with her problems Miss Undset never loses sight of the real; she always remains firm on earth. Her various female characters show a marked similarity—they are heavy, serious, and never happy. But in the course of her writings they undergo a gradual development to a more definite solution of their common problem. This is best understood if one assumes that Miss Undset has written from introspective experience and portrayed her own development in her successive works, which assumption would be confirmed by the fact that in 1925, soon after the completion of her mediaeval masterpiece, she became a convert to the Catholic Church.

Snow

As white as snow, the Master said,
Shall be your sins of scarlet red.

In gleaming gusts of silver light
The snow is swirling down tonight,
And sturdy trees of Stygian black
Rise stiffly to the white attack
And toss uncovered heads on high
In bold defiance of a sky
Whose winds have snatched their leafy dress
And mocked their shrinking nakedness.
But soft and ever softer drops
A filmy veil on the treetops,
And with the morning, lo, will they
Be robed as for a bridal day.

Snow is the cool, white Hand of Him
Who loves the sinner and Seraphim.

JOHN J. FINN.

City Birds

Bird waifs—
Building your nests in barren bricks;
Chanting your brave bitter song
From lamp post, or roof,
Why have you chosen treeless streets,
Smoke-veiled sun,
With never a sign of sky but that asphalt strip
That lids the tunneled streets?
Is it that you seek again old haunts;
Can you be the wraiths of city children,
Sacrificed to city streets?

GLORIA GODDARD.

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THE BEZALEL EXHIBITION

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

MANY years ago a little Cheder boy went to hear a magid. "It was on a Sabbath after Shalosh Sudath. The Beth Hamidrosh was wrapped in twilight gloom. Only the feeble light of the Ner Tarnid (Eternal Light) shone weakly in the gold of the embroidered curtain of the ark—the beautiful work of my Aunt Rachel, made for the sake of the soul of her departed son. Huddled up in a corner, my head supported on both hands, I sat. All that I saw and heard was of another world. I saw the colossal Wailing Wall—the two-thousand-year-old tombstone of our people—and wept together with the Jews who came from the four corners of the earth to pour out their soul's pain and grief. I could hear the weeping of Mother Rachel from her lonely grave on the road to Jerusalem.

"I dreamed more. The Holy Land, where my grandfather was privileged to die, from where my pious and good aunt brought a handful of earth, I see rejuvenated by my Jewish brethren.

"The artistic genius was always strong among the Jewish people. It is the Golus that shattered our souls. The Jewish boy trained by strangers was forced to deny his innate feelings and instincts. By spending his best school years in Palestine—sketching real Jewish types under the sky of his native land—he is re-born. The soul of the Jewish Prophet is awakened in him. The new Jewish artist combines the ancient Hebrew spirit with modern technique."

The little Cheder boy was Boris Shatz, who became the founder of the school of arts and crafts at Jerusalem, called Bezalel after the first Hebrew artist who built a sanctuary in the desert.

How fully and beautifully Professor Shatz's dream of a co-operative school for Jewish artists and craftsmen on their native soil was fulfilled, the exhibition of their work at the Grand Central Palace proves—a unique showing from a land where East meets West, and even the simplest forms of artistic expression there are protected by an ancient sacred tradition.

At the time of his founding of this long-dreamed-of school, Professor Shatz was court-sculptor to Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and, leaving European honors and rewards, he devoted his life to releasing his students and fellow-artists in Palestine from that enemy of the artist—the machine. "The free mind of man invented clever machines," writes Professor Shatz, "and these machines made of man an unreasoning slave—this is why modern work has neither beauty nor individuality, for of these the artisan has been robbed."

There is beauty and individuality in abundance in the work shown in this exhibition; and throughout all of it is woven the golden thread that leads to the past, Jewish symbols being used freely for ornamentation, or for reverent significance, in the warmly-colored rugs, in the beaten brasses, in the carved woods, in the glowing colors of the enamels. They have, at Bezalel, revived the art of Byzantine enamel work which requires a temperature of 1200 centigrade to bring it to perfection.

The most beautiful and elaborate piece of work in the exhibition is the shrine or chest for the housing of the Holy Scrolls, into the creating of which ten different arts have entered, combining carved and etched stone, carved wood, beaten brass and enameling, and throughout all are recorded the Hebraic symbols—the Memorah, the carved wooden lions guarding the entrance, the cherubim above, overshadowing with their great wings the Tables of the Law. The "Holy, Holy, Holy" is written there, and upon the doors in plaques of brass are scenes from the life of Moses, flanked by carvings in ivory of the symbols of the Twelve Tribes.

Very interesting is the Chair of Elijah, which, in homes and synagogues, is placed ready for the Prophet when he shall return to announce the long-delayed fulfilment of the Messianic hope. This particular example is ornamented with scenes from the life of Elijah, and the chair seat is covered with a tapestry of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, eating the forbidden fruit.

Mr. Charles A. Cowen, the secretary of the Exhibition Committee who, very courteously, pointed out the main features of the exhibition to me, said that in Jewish tradition, the Prophet Elijah is always regarded as the helper or intervener in crises of life. If the family is in want and find money on the table, it is a sign that the Prophet Elijah has been there. If a stranger in a crowded street pulls you back from the wheels of an advancing car, it is the Prophet Elijah who has preserved your life.

Professor Shatz's portraits, illustrating the many Jewish types he encountered in Palestine during the war, and executed in monochrome on wood, are among the most interesting of the exhibits.

Some of Professor Shatz's aphorisms on art are appended to the catalogue, and all of them are worth quoting, but one must suffice: "Art without soul is prayer without devotion."

Penelope

Penelope never has raveled as I have raveled;
She never has fashioned the fabrics that I have spun;
And neither her heart nor her lover has traveled as mine have traveled
Under the sun.

Her web of delay, deliberate, passionate, splendid,
Was tense with allurement, I doubt not; was wet with tears;
But love found it raveled, unfinished—a burial robe—and ended
Those piteous years.

My fingers run wildly through warps of bewildering wonder,
Or dream over woof of caught silence or sudden song;
They tighten on patterns of laughter or fear that is stricken thunder!—
O Love, how long?

Is it naught that I pause in my web as yon suitor woos me,
That I ravel at night with regret the design of day,
That loneliness sickens, grief dazes, and doubt pursues me
With You away?

With a lifetime of years do I lash myself to You and bind You,
Do I dare all the seas of the world without compass or star;
Past the lands of Calypso and Circe and Scylla I seek You and find You,
Be it never so far!—

So I fare on the deific pathway my Love has traveled
As I fashion the web that Penelope could not have spun,
And ravel the heavenly robe of delay that she could not have raveled
Under the sun.

SISTER M. MADELEVA.

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COMMUNICATIONS

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—The Landmark for February, 1926, carries a striking little essay under the title, Who Profited by the American Revolution? by Matthew Page Andrews.

His thesis is that the British commonwealth of nations is practising the fundamental principle for which the American colonists contended, while the people of the United States have more or less repudiated that principle: "On the one hand, the original American faith in local self-government has become the guiding canon of the British Empire throughout the world; on the other, the Washington government has been assuming the imperial prerogatives which the British Parliament has abandoned."

Local self-government, says Mr. Andrews, was the issue in 1776, not "taxation without representation"; local self-government, he claims, was again the issue (though much beclouded) in 1861, not slavery, nor, essentially, the right to secede from the Union. "States' rights" was the issue in both cases, "by which one properly means the privilege or the constitutional right of political units to control their respective affairs and exercise their police powers without undue interference from encroachment on the part of the [federal] government.

"Out of the conflict [of the Civil War] emerged the centralized power that was most feared by the framers of the Constitution. Those who had, in 1778-1789, urged the states to ratify that great instrument, had pledged their faith that such a sequel was impossible.

"If the principles propounded by George Washington and his associates are still sound, the greatest problem facing America today is the restoration, as far as possible, of the federal republic of the founders by relearning the lessons of the American Revolution and by setting forth without fear or favor the historical exposition of these fundamental changes in the federal government."

We "have to contend with the effects of distorted historical exposition; and with the masses of the misguided and misinformed who have grown accustomed to look to Washington for redress of all real or alleged political and moral ills, including those which are local. Someone has said, with profound feeling, that it would be well if Congress were as far removed from the states as Parliament from the dominions; then the people of the states would again learn—and desire to practise—the art of self-government."

It is curious that this essentially Democratic doctrine should have become so widely held by thinkers among Republicans; probably the Democratic party contains no more convinced and powerful believer in just this doctrine than President Coolidge, head of the Republican party. Equally curious is the growing change, very rapidly growing, within the one time solid (Democratic) South. Together with a far-reaching change in population in the past decades, there has come to the South, also, the economic development foreseen by Southerners in the 'fifties, recognized by them then, and before that, as impossible under the slavery system, and set back for fifty years by the Civil War.

Interlocking economic interest with northern Republicans, runs in the South, side by side with the old American principle of "states' rights," the urgent desire for local self-government in all matters that the state can do alone. The same might be said, indeed, for almost any section of the United States.

Quite possibly the secret of President Coolidge's extraordinary success lies therein that he has been able to combine in his administration the fundamental principles of both parties; at home a rigid respect for states' rights, insistence thereon, even in the face of the states themselves, combined with Republican imperialism abroad.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

ON THE LAYMAN

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Lo! the poor layman. Father Peter Moran, C.S.P., is, of course, right when he suggests that an intelligent laity is the best proof of a vital Catholicity, but, surely, his illustrations are unfortunate. I refuse to believe that the laity of the Catholic Church consider themselves martyrs to clerical inefficiency. They do not sit patiently in their pews with "their nerves jarred, and their eyes becoming astigmatic" through the performances of "musical acolytes" and "choirs that ought to have their throats cut." There may be a few laymen who feel this way but they will be found to be ex-ritualists or jaded neurasthenics.

That "the pews" would be able to order things better than the clergy is to be doubted. I submit a proof. There is one body of Christians where the leadership of the laity is unquestioned and that is the Protestant Episcopal Church. It happens that everything that Father Moran dislikes is found in use among the Anglicans. The duplex envelope was invented by them and copied by us. We have also copied the "choir stalls" but we have not yet filled them with vested ladies. They have "bad architecture, tawdry glass, and clumsy ceremonial," as well as we.

On the other hand, the use of chimes and "fire gongs" among us will be found to have great support from the laity, who certainly consider them "very nice." They are usually presented to the Church by some good souls whose feelings would be hurt were they to be refused. When our own laity have the arrangement of musical services they always prefer "Nearer My God to Thee" to "Dies Irae." They love, above all things, to have "Oh Promise Me" rendered as the most appropriate chant for a marriage service. They are "crazy about" solos and duets, as every pastor knows who is trying to raise the standard of Church music.

Sacerdotem oportet praeesse. This is good in reason and in theology. The suggestion that priests and people in the Catholic Church are not united is untrue. That we have such splendid laymen as those who are making The Commonweal a welcome addition to our Catholic literature is due to the fact that the clergy are leaders and teachers. If our priests were ignorant or indifferent, our people would be worse. "Like priest, like people."

REV. EDWARD HAWKS.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

Webster Groves, Mo.

TO the Editor:—Let me congratulate The Commonweal on its excellent little editorial prompted by the centenary of The Last of the Mohicans. Today, when so much morbid psychological fiction is dished up, we need the robust and life-mirroring pages of Cooper as never before.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Wisdom Tooth

SINCE the advent of O'Neill's Great God Brown, the fashion threatens to prevail among Broadway writers of describing every effort at fantastic playwrighting as a stripping off of masks. Thus that particular group of critics and playwrights, whose intellectual rendezvous is the supper room of a Forty-fourth Street hotel, will tell you that Marc Connelly —one of their club—has removed his mask in The Wisdom Tooth, and told a sensitive and frank tale of what New York can do to undermine the courage and mental independence of men.

This does not seem to me of particular importance. Even an insincere play reveals a great deal about its author—the fact, for example, that he does wear a mask, or assumes an artificial and false attitude toward life. No man can really hide behind a typewriter or a pen. We don't need the words of modern scientists to tell us that we hate our own faults in another, and that when we appear to be attacking something with fanatic zeal, we are probably attacking a tendency in ourselves. The importance to you and me, as playgoers, of a sincere play is that ten times out of ten it is a far better play than those which cover up deeper feelings by smartness or evasion. If the author is a personal friend of yours, you may be glad to see his stronger side emerging. But as a simple theatre-goer, what you most appreciate is the added strength in the play itself.

The Wisdom Tooth has a great deal of this simple strength. It makes no attempt to be sophisticated. It does show a great deal of understanding, and its fantastic story, although crudely and at times too obviously presented, reveals a lot of the inner struggle of those who try to meet life by being weak reflections of the people around them. At first the attitude succeeds. People find it soothingly pleasant to be agreed with. But slowly the "yes" man finds that he has paid his way at the price of respect. He may be easy to get on with, but no one cares for the opinions he expresses because they are not his own. From this stage he then comes to see that he has lost self-respect as well. His soul is not his own. He has bartered it for a safe job. He tries to find out what he really is, and the search is a painful process.

Mr. Connelly has told this story through the plot of a country boy who comes to New York and allows himself to become a cog in the white collar machine. He loses the power to think for himself. If his feelings tell him that something is wrong, he can be made to say it is right by anyone with a stronger personality than his own. At last even the girl he loves, who has liked him for the fine qualities she senses underneath, loses her respect for him and tells him so. This shock starts him on his search.

At this point the reality of the play gives way to the fantasy of a day-dream before the fireplace in his boarding house. He calls on his dead grandparents to tell everyone what a fine fellow he really is. But when they discover the change in him, they, too, leave him. Then he lives over his youth—circus days—days when he was willing to fight for his beliefs, even when that meant belief in fairies. He imagines himself facing his boss with this lost courage of youth—and discovers what it means to win respect from others.

Reality comes back. Strengthened by his examination of conscience (for it is nothing less than that good old-fashioned method under another name) he telephones his boss to protest against an injustice to a fellow employee. The boss promptly fires him—but to his amazement, he finds that he doesn't care. He has ceased being a "yes" man. He has found his own soul again. And, of course, he finds with it the renewed respect and love of the girl whose apparent cruelty has really proved a saving kindness.

This is a clean, and in many ways, a brave little story, told with much poetry and tenderness. But either in the original writing, or perhaps in the actual staging, or both, it has elements of crudity which detract from the sheer enjoyment it ought to bring. The border line between fantasy and reality is too abrupt. The day-dream proceeds with rather heavy-footed logic. One feels it was too carefully mapped out—as if Mr. Connelly set out too deliberately to prove a thesis in psychology, with the result that the dream characters move like obedient puppets rather than with the divine inconsequence of a real day-dream. I say divine because the real mysteries of life do not fully and obviously reveal themselves. They incite wonder rather than syllogisms. What first appears to be inconsequent and disordered unfolds its inner plan very slowly. It is this element of wonder and mystery which Mr. Connelly's play lacks. It is as if he had consciously "written down" to an audience—thereby withholding that final touch of sincerity which might have lifted the play into something extraordinarily fine.

Thomas Mitchell as Bemis, the troubled hero of this fantasy, has caught the underlying spirit with fine understanding, and Mary Philips makes of the girl much more than a playing part by giving tenderness to the moment of apparent cruelty. That is a crucial test, which only an actress of perfect feeling could meet. The minor parts and characterizations are all well handled with the exception of Lalita, the dream girl. Miss Barclay fails, largely through her diction, in conveying an ethereal mood. It is a hopeful sign when the erstwhile sophisticates of New York begin to write plays of this kind. If Mr. Connelly holds to this course, his next play should be a real achievement. This one is a half successful but very worth-while experiment.

The Monkey Talks

THIS play was written for the French stage, which naturally accounts for the mechanical rigidity of its plot and the artificiality of its construction. The French writers, with a few exceptions, have so ossified their art that they rely upon the audiences to accept almost any impossible situation as a "stage convention." The result is that even with very skilful adaptation, most French plays given in New York lack vitality and human interest. They are either brittle bits of sophistication, or plays with interesting themes that dry up in the middle.

The Monkey Talks comes nearer to a human play than many. But its entire plot depends on your being willing to think that an animal trainer could for several years successfully fool all of his close associates in the circus by dressing up a stunted man as a monkey and having him utter sounds that closely approach words. The whole idea would be utterly

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preposterous if it were not for the fact that Jacques Lerner does succeed so amazingly well in imitating a monkey that for a moment you are almost ready to say "yes, it could happen." But it is one thing to be a good monkey beyond the footlights, and quite another to suppose that people could stroke this man's false wig, come within a few inches of his grease paint, see him every day for weeks on end in the circus dressing rooms, and still think him plain monkey. Even Barnum could not expect that.

Of course, if you jump this mental hazard—for the fun of it, let's say—the rest of the play runs pretty smoothly. It has comparatively few relics of French sophistication, and touches here and there springs of considerable beauty, particularly in the mutual devotion and spirit of self-sacrifice between the ex-prince turned animal showman, and the deformed man whom he has befriended and taught to laugh again. The real feeling of the French for human relations is very deep and fine. My quarrel with present French drama is not with the underlying French feeling, but with the brittle mask they have thrown over it, and the willingness of their writers to kill the beauty of their own emotions by facile poses and insincerities.

The chief merit of the present production, beyond the extraordinary impersonation of Lerner, is the chance it gives to see Philip Merivale again in a part that does offer some good moments in restrained emotion, and little Martha-Bryan Allen. She is a first-rate little actress—never better than in Lazybones of last season—with only one handicap, a voice and diction that remain the same in all her parts. They have a local quality, as if one could say she were born in such and such a town. She should study for greater voice range.

The Bunk of 1926

THERE is always an undeniably engaging quality in versatility. Leonardo da Vinci viewed as a painter, a musician, and an inventor of an aeroplane (what though it did crash on its trial flight!) is far more fascinating than when viewed merely as an artist. Therefore, the audience at the Heckscher Theatre, reading the program of the Talbot Productions' Bunk of 1926 before the opening chorus, is stimulated with curiosity and expectancy by the repetition of the name of Gene Lockhart. To him are attributed the sketches and lyrics (in collaboration with Percy Waxman) the music (with the exception of one song by Deems Taylor and two by Robert Armbruster) and the staging and producing. In addition to this, a considerable amount of the acting and singing has fallen to Mr. Lockhart's share—and of him it can be said that he has done all these things well. There is gaiety and charm and real humor in The Bunk of 1926—and there is Miss Ruth Tester who sings A Modest Little Thing, out-Lawrencing Gertrude Lawrence in that actress's own brand of naïve-sophisticated ballad. Miss Tester from across the footlights looks as though she ought still to be having supper in the nursery—but she has undoubted talent and appeal. Mr. Lockhart has a gift for humorous surprise, and the laughter it evokes is spontaneous and unforced. There are, to be sure, some numbers that are not as amusing as others—but this is in the nature of all reviews. One feels, however, a certain inadequacy and amateur quality in the stage-management of The Bunk of 1926—lights go off and on at the wrong time, curtains drop too soon or too late—flaws that no doubt will be remedied before the production is much older.

H. W.

BOOKS

Social and Diplomatic Memories (1902-1919) Volume III, by James Rennell Rodd. London: Edward Arnold and Company.

VERY soon after the war, when diplomats were not very popular and, in general, were set down as the real culprits whose muddling and ineptitude had contributed materially to a situation which made war inevitable, when the "new diplomacy" was all the fashion, Sir James Rennell Rodd, in one of his prefaces announced himself with Olympian calm, as an "old-fashioned diplomat."

He is just that, an old-fashioned diplomat in the old-fashioned sense of one who, being thoroughly versed in the problems of government and keenly aware of the practical interests of his own country through personal and responsible contact, endeavors to bring into harmony his national interests with those of the country to which he is accredited. He is of the basic type which the war brought once more to the front of international affairs in America, after a period of earnest and almost successful effort to eliminate it under the influence of awe-struck admiration of the grand manner, as exemplified by very junior attachés of the British Foreign office, and even by some under-secretaries—the grand manner so humorously sketched in Sir Rennell's anecdote of Lord Bertie and the Vatican fire.

He belongs to the old-fashioned family of diplomats who know how to meet emergency with personal initiative and responsibility when precedent no longer serves.

A scholar and historian, poet by predilection, author of Princes of Achaia and Chronicles of Morea (covering one of the most romantic episodes of the world's most romantic age) a Romantic himself, charter member of the Souls, intimate of brilliant George Wyndham, of stately Michael Herbert, of gallant Sir Gerald Portal, loveable Harry Cust, and ponderous George Nathaniel Curzon; a trusted friend of his king, Edward the Peacemaker, Sir Rennell started his career especially favored, and turned his gifts to a definite purpose. It is the purpose so effectively sung by Kipling—the British Empire as an instrument of good to humanity.

That is the keynote of his career as a diplomat, as a colonial administrator, as ambassador to the Quirinal during the war; the keynote of Theodore Roosevelt's conception of America, as it is Mussolini's today, of post-war Italy; it is a conception with regard to German Kultur which no one may deny to the German people though one may permissibly disagree with the manner of its presentation to the world. It is the keynote of patriotism and statesmanship to which Woodrow Wilson sought to attune the new-fledged citizens of Philadelphia in his famous speech so sadly misinterpreted in the unreasoning hurly-burly of the war. To this fixed purpose Sir Rennell brings discretion, "the obvious duty of an old public servant, a condition of the publication of such memoirs," and generosity to those against whom, in war time, he was called upon to match all his strength. He says nothing that he may not say; what he does say is full and convincing—indiscretion could add nothing to its piquancy. One trusts what he has to say of persons and things. He is a student of forces as well as of the individual. With regard to Italy, where he spent fifteen years of his life, he says in his preface:

"Finally, I wish to emphasize that, in describing the attitude of Italy immediately before and during the great war, the story of which begins with the eighth chapter, I have en-

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deavored to convey what I believe to have been the general trend of popular opinion. Certain groups, certain individuals were, no doubt, inspired by more directly nationalistic or even imperialistic ambitions, and were less concerned with moral and ethical obligations. I do not pretend to have fathomed as some writers claim to have done, the recesses of the minds of San Giuliano, of Salandra, of Sonnino, or even of Bissolati, for whose political appreciations I had a great respect. The important point to me was that Italy entered the war on the side of the allies at a very critical moment. And this she could not have done without the support of the nation, constraining and over-aweing an admittedly neutralist majority in Parliament. It is the mentality of the nation and not that of individuals which I have endeavored to interpret. The Italian temperament is an inheritance from an ancient marriage between the practical and the ideal, the Latin and the Lombard. The practical and logical spirit reaffirmed itself when the hour came to balance accounts. But in the valley of decision, ideal considerations played a greater part than has been generally recognized. And the idealists have had their reward. For, although the nation, influenced by an intensive process of suggestion from groups or individuals disappointed in particular aims, has not realized the fact, the material results of the war for Italy have, in my opinion, been more important and intrinsically more valuable than those achieved by any of the great powers engaged in the struggle."

In the memoirs of European diplomats it is unusual to find so much place occupied by Americans—Theodore Roosevelt, Agnes Repplier, George Meyer, Thomas Nelson Page, the American group in Rome, and many others hold evidently each his niche.

Of great interest to American Catholics are the chapters on the Vatican and the life that centres around it. Rather striking is his comment upon the resentment in Italy of some foreign slight put upon the Holy Father, particularly in view of the recent cloud on the relations between the Vatican and Mussolini: "The Papacy is regarded by Italians as essentially an Italian institution and any rebuff to the Head of the Church is bound to arouse a little touch of chauvinism." With regard to the election of a successor to Pope Leo XIII and the intense interest in the result by foreign nations as by the Italian government, Sir Rennell says:

"The cue of the ecclesiastical hierarchy was still to complain of oppression. But the able men at its head must have been well aware that under existing conditions their position was stronger than it had been before. Until Rome became the capital of United Italy the Papacy remained vulnerable. Now it was secured against coercion or aggression. Not long after 1870 Marco Minghetti went to Berlin and saw Bismarck when the Chancellor was in the throes of the Kultur kampf. 'What have you done?' said Bismarck to him: 'You have created an impossible situation by abolishing the temporal power. So long as it existed we could deal with the Pontiff. One could send a fleet to Civitavecchia. Now you have made him inviolable et insaisissable.' 'That,' replied Minghetti, 'was exactly what we desired to do.'"

Among his many cameo anecdotes is one of the Queen of Italy who accompanied the King ("who always leads the way on the path of duty") to the relief of Messina's earthquake victims, and who worked day and night in the hospital ships which hastened to the scene: "The terrible condition of the injured rescued from the ruins who were brought on board was, the Queen told me afterward, very trying to the nerves, 'but,' she added, 'one does, somehow, what one has to do.' A little episode which was told me by one of the court ladies, impressed me. An unfortunate old woman, crushed beyond recovery and evidently dying, was carried in. Her only thought was for a priest to shrive her, and no priest could be found. Her pitiful cries disturbed the other patients, and the Queen came to her and took her hand and said in a quiet voice: 'I am the Queen of Italy, and I tell you that you need have no fear.' Thus reassured, she ceased to cry, and not long after died in peace."

Quite characteristic of Sir Rennell himself is his reflection upon the separation of Sweden and Norway: "One of the lessons brought home to me in my long public and diplomatic life has been that the opportunity of acquiring good will and actual advantage is constantly thrown away by not doing graciously and at once what we know perfectly well will have to be done in the long run. . . . We in Great Britain often fail conspicuously in this respect, largely through ingrained conservatism and reluctance to venture on an untried road. In the end we grant with every appearance of acting grudgingly what we have long known we should have to yield. . . . That is bad policy." True, it is bad policy, but decisions coupled with clear vision are frequently sacrificed to over-insistence on precedent in the training of crystallized diplomatic services. Foreign offices fear decisions, particularly unprecedented decisions.

Sir Rennell Rodd is happy in having steered a good course between caution and initiative. He is untouched by cynicism. His memories are wise and healthy and smiling memories. One contrasts this third volume inevitably with the third volume of Maurice Paléologue.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Life and Times of Bishop Ullathorne, by Dom Cuthbert Butler. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Two volumes, 25/s.

THE gratitude of all historians is due to Dom Cuthbert Butler for this splendid and erudite piece of work, and to the publishers for the handsome volumes in which they have incorporated it. It makes its appearance as one more in the series of great historical works which we owe to the two Wards, Wilfred and Bernard, and to the late Canon Burton, and no higher praise can well be given than to say that it ranks worthily with them in character and merit. It is the life of a really great man too little known, partly because of his own humility, partly because of the galaxy of great men among whom he lived which included Wiseman, Manning, and Newman. I knew him personally, so far as a young man and a very young convert could know an old man retired as an archbishop, almost entirely confined to his room and yet willing to make a young man welcome.

"I was not pleased," said Newman on occasion to a friend, "at your talking of Dr. Ullathorne as a little man. It may be a fact, but it is not a dogmatic fact." Therein he hits the nail fairly on the head. Ullathorne was, physically, a little man, being quite below the middle height, yet in pontificals, walking in procession in his cathedral church, or in its pulpit, as I have seen him, his stature was the last thing that one had in mind. His dignity and keen eyes became the dominant features of his personality.

And when he preached or when he talked, one also forgot the fact that by no possible chance did he ever pronounce an initial "h," that being a relic of his Yorkshire birth at an

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epoch when such was the custom. But it was extraordinary to listen to the Johnsonian diction of a man who "dropped his h's" though he never added them to initial vowels. For he was Johnsonian even in speeches on small matters. I recall the last time I saw him. He was a very sick man, but able to be up and about in his room. After talking for some time, he suddenly said—"Sir, you see before you an old man and a feeble one; will you pardon me if I assume the recumbent posture?" And therewith he lay down on his couch. On another occasion he said—"I am telling my secretary, Father Parker, to send you a copy of my book, The Endowments of Man. Let me tell you, sir, that it is not a work to be treated lightly. It should be read through carefully at least three times." Which I regret to confess it has not been.

In the second volume of Dom Butler's book, there is an account of a sermon which Bishop Ullathorne delivered and which was published in the Daily Post of that city—then and now one of the most important provincial papers. It reminded me of a story, related to me by one of his clergy just after he had visited the Bishop. The latter remarked upon the fact that the Liverpool paper had printed an article on his sermon. "Indeed, my Lord," said the priest, "and what did they say of it?" "Well," was the reply, "they spoke well of the sermon, but they said I dropped my 'h's.' Now did you ever notice that?" A truly awkward question.

In any case, Dr. Ullathorne's grammatical peculiarities were no index to his stock, which might even be called illustrious. He was born at Pocklington, Yorkshire, in 1806, of a family lineally descended from Blessed Thomas More, the martyr chancellor of England. His mother's family were connected with another heroic figure, Sir John Franklin, the ill-fated Arctic explorer. Of an adventurous disposition, Dr. Ullathorne in youth insisted on going to sea as a cabin-boy. His parents were sound Catholics, yet the boy, when he sailed, had not received the sacrament of Confirmation, nor had he made his First Communion.

What he always described as his conversion, as indeed it proved, took place while at Memel; and when he returned home he entered as a novice at Downside Benedictine Abbey. His first public work was to be sent, at the age of twenty-five, to Australia, in no less capacity than vicar-general and plenipotentiary for the Ordinary, who was not only bishop for South Africa, but had jurisdiction over Madagascar, Mauritius, Australia, and New Zealand. There were few priests in Australia at that time, and when, on the day after his arrival, one of the most prominent called on the new vicar-general, he remarked, as the Bishop told it to me himself, (the tale is put a little differently in the book) "Sir, you must know that there are two parties amongst the priests here." "Pardon me, sir," said the very much younger man, "yesterday there may have been two parties, but today there is only one. It is mine." And so, indeed, it proved.

Dr. Ullathorne's Australian work was two-fold. He made Australia an Irish mission, as it is today. At first he very naturally desired to Benedictinize it, but his brethren would not—almost certainly could not—help him; he saw that the population, almost exclusively criminal (in name, at any rate) was, so far as it was Catholic, almost entirely Irish. It consisted of thousands who had been sent out, often for no crime more deadly than being out and about in Ireland after curfew time, and many of whom had been transported on foisted-up charges after the election to Parliament of O'Connell for County Clare. For such things, men and women were sent into the most wicked form of slavery that the earth has perhaps ever seen.

Ullathorne's other claim to recognition is that no man was more instrumental than he in bringing to an end the infamous system of transportation and of closing that veritable hell upon earth—Norfolk Island. What this was like, may be judged from the fact that when he was brought from a distance of 600 miles or more to give spiritual attention to some criminals who were to be executed after a mutiny (there was no minister of religion on the island save one Anglican clergyman) and it fell to his lot to have to announce who were to be executed and who had been reprieved, it was the latter group which wept bitterly at their ill fortune, while the former accepted the news of their death almost with gratitude.

Space forbids notice of any but one further feature—to many the most important—in his crowded life. This is his position toward the Oxford converts. Oxford was in his diocese as first bishop of Birmingham after the restoration of the hierarchy. To Oscott they all gravitated, and there (speaking of the times after 1850) he had to arrange matters for many of them and to smooth down the difficulties produced by the injection of this strange, new mass of leaven into the ancient and much-tried Catholic body. The men in this body, even such men as the historian Lingard, did not at all like the newcomers, and but for Wiseman and Ullathorne the converts would have had a hard time of it.

On their side, too, there was something to regret. They were mostly men of better birth than the Catholic clergy whom they came amongst, and certainly of a better type of education than those who had been educated almost under penal conditions—and those things counted high in an aristocratic culture like that of England. And they were not always careful enough in what they said and in their criticisms of a body into which they had come as neophytes. Moreover, some of them, though holy men, were enough to provoke even the most saintly. In his own way, even Faber could be very trying; and Ward, great man though he was, with his open longings for an allocution from the Pope, hot every morning for breakfast, and his denunciations of every man who differed from him as Gallican and low, was quite enough to put people out of humor with the Church. Pugin, infuriated with his anti-Gothicism (and other things) told him once that he was the greatest danger that Christianity had, and, indeed, it is clear from this book that his influence counted for much in the often stressed differences between cardinals. All these things passed through Ullathorne's hands, for he was Newman's diocesan and always his kindly friend and sincere admirer. It was largely through his exertions that the unfortunate episode of the cardinalate and Manning's action in connection with it, was put straight.

One of the things of real interest in Dom Butler's book is the tormenting question of the actual relations between these two men and their real characters. We have now before us practically all the materials that we can ever expect. Can any man read the riddle? There have been plenty of attempts. Bodley, a man with no low opinion of himself, and doubtless flattered at the remarkable interest shown in him by the aged Manning, is all for his side in an article (and a notable one) so unfair to Newman that one is thankful that the idea that he should be the archbishop's biographer never materialized. There is, above all, the essay by Dr. Ryder, Manning's nephew and Newman's spiritual son, by far the most illuminating thing written on the subject; and perhaps one might add the com-

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parative trivialities of Strachey and Lunn, however small their value in the controversy. No doubt there will be others. But their writers, and all the other writers on the Catholic history of the nineteenth century in England, must study this invaluable work by Dom Butler.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Abraham Lincoln, by Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes, $10.00.

THIS is more than a biography of Abraham Lincoln—complete, arresting as that may be. Other books have dealt with the growth of the Republic, as epitomized in the development of this man, her greatest son. Mr. Sandburg does more than this. With sweeping gesture, yet infinite detail, he paints the advance westward, the vast play and interplay of economic action, as civilization crept in.

It is the epic of a people's progress—coming down the old wilderness trail of Daniel Boone, Lincoln's lovely grandmother (her baby in her arms) being among those heroic souls who ventured. We read of the restless pioneers, of inevitable expansion, the coming of the Iron Horse, the intricate shaping of our modern industrial world—all of this, during those years when the boy grew into manhood, when the Republic tremblingly sought for balance, when the ideal of union slowly matured and possessed the souls of men. The very life of the nation is here, in the story of one man who was "of the blood and breath of this great movement."

As Mr. Sandburg talked of this book last summer, the complaint was voiced that all biographers of Lincoln, with the honorable exception of Dr. Barton's, seemed to have skipped lightly over the younger years and jumped forthwith into Illinois. He answered, smiling whimsically: "I think you will be satisfied with what I have done. I have even walked barefoot, as the boy Lincoln walked for six, eight months of the year, through the 'yellow-clay slush,' the clay-dust in the dog-days of your river countries."

We get an unparalleled picture of the background that made the boy into the man that was to be. The cabin on the clay banks of Pigeon Creek was far in the backwoods—those backwoods with the forests of mystery and terror behind them, with a future of achievement and promise before them—but above all, on free soil, near that great artery of civilization, the Ohio River.

The eternal riddle of his existence becomes clarified by the external as well as by the psychological process that Mr. Sandburg has used step by step in his development of the man. If the "fiercest formative years" were those early ones in the clay-slush of the river counties, the sum total of fifty-two, that Mr. Sandburg has so beautifully presented, is the whole of his soul's journey. In the last four years of accomplishment and agony, he belonged "to the ages."

Mr. Sandburg stands on the documentary evidence adduced by Dr. Barton, as to the immediate ancestry of Lincoln. The poignancy of the young man's grief for Ann Rutledge is sympathetically told. More difficult than this tragic idyll is the story of the Lincoln marriage, which is treated with human, kindly discrimination.

It could be said of this book, as of Lincoln's own words, that it is endued "with all gifts of imagination, intuition, experience, prayer, silence, and sacrifice, and the laughter next door to tears." Mr. Sandburg has never written more beautiful poetry than in his biography of Abraham Lincoln.

MARTHA BAYARD.

The Price of Dawning Day, by T. Gavan Duffy. Boston: Propagation of the Faith Office. $2.00.

PERHAPS someone might have brightened the gloom of Sir William Lane, whose recent attack upon missionary labors in primitive countries has called forth volleys of replies, by sending him a marked copy of that issue of Father Delaunay's Tin Horn which contained a description of a furious Bengal storm that nearly swept a mission into the Celestial City.

For, though there have been many famous remarks about storms, I can recall none that has the humor, the pathos, and the beautiful bravery of Father Delaunay's narrative. It made us all feel vastly more alive, and yet improvingly ashamed of the thousand comfortable things we had quite forgotten that we possessed. The reason for mentioning this bit of missionary journalism is because it leads directly to Father Duffy's The Price of Dawning Day—the two are akin, and nothing finer can be said of either than that they are creations of a missionary spirit which it is absolutely necessary that we know.

Father Duffy has seen the mystery of the Orient—the mystery to which the Catholic missioner has added a miracle. The essence of the whole matter could not be expressed more adequately than in these words: "As the chief went out, the young men in the village common-house were playing; the music of the mountains followed him, sad music of bamboo reeds and delicately concordant gongs, seeming to give expression to that loneliness which is the soul of the virgin forest, and which peoples it with spirits for those poor mortals who cannot know that it is filled with God."

But in the story which our book has to tell, the chieftain and his people do come to know. At least, some of them do. Into the hinterland of Indo-China the Bishop, who is facing an Annamite persecution, sends a few of his priests and native servants. They begin to found the mission Ba-Hnar, and the easiest part of their task is evading the wild beasts, ridding themselves of parasites, and panting through the spasms of fever.

The most difficult work is battling with the vengeful spirit-world which the natives among whom they live take for granted. Their story is rich with homesickness and martyrdom, with skirmishes to wrest souls from the Lie, with the vast, silent nights of a pagan wilderness. But it goes on heroically until at last the purpose of Christ has been fulfilled, and the missionary chapel, plain but sanctified with martyr memories, stands among the primitive huts.

Only another mission story, some may say. But every tale is only another tale, and everything depends upon the telling. Father Duffy has revolutionized the genre, weaving out of stark old annals a texture of poetry, human character, and reality which ought to please even those who are literary rather than religious.

His work calls to mind the radiant prose with which Charlie Stoddard wrote of Molokai and Father Damien—a regal prose of which there is far too little in this world. But above all details of technique, there is the spirit, loyal and affectionate, which cannot let the heroism of the Christian frontier pass from memory. There are pages in The Price of Dawning Day so noble in reflected sainthood and yet so warmly human that they ought to be read aloud wherever people are not afraid of cherishing aspiration. But you should see and know the whole book—which is the reason why I shall say no more about it.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

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Thunder on the Left, by Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.00.

MR. MORLEY has written an extraordinary book. But it is a book that comes within an inch of being one of the most tiresome ever written. By the time that I had gone two-thirds of the way through it, to the point where the game of Twenty Questions is played, I had become bored with its mélange of mild humor, quaint literary quotation, and discreet eroticism. The whole thing seemed to be on the point of going to pieces. There was now no time to save it. For that more than the ever-present subtlety would be needed. Then, in the last chapter, the author brought me bolt upright with a ringing in the ears.

It was only after the book was closed that its spirit began slowly to emerge. All the details that had been so irritating and had seemed so unnecessary turned back to drive in and wring the heart. Even the foolish game of Twenty Questions took on a symbolic point.

All the characters are thoroughly ordinary people, including Martin with his simple-subtle imbecilities, and even the children, from grown-up, thirteen-year-old Phyllis to the shy elf-life Joyce. (For there are crowds of these shy elves in the world.) But they all become pathetically interesting when the reading is over. For then one realizes that one has been at a funeral.

Twenty years ago Barrie wrote of the child seeing, and not wanting to become what he saw. The result was the exquisite fairy-tale everyone knows. Now Christopher Morley has written round a somewhat similar theme—with a technique largely derived from Proust and James Joyce—and the result is an atmosphere of haunting significance surrounding a story that, without it, would have been, to me, unbearably tedious.

For all adolescents thunder is heard on the left; but that inevitable tragedy should come out of it, as implied by Mr. Morley, with youth smashed to pieces on the threshold of life, seems too inhuman to be taken seriously.

Or is it that the despair in this book is known only by America's child, the most loose-reined of all the world's children? It is certain that elsewhere the dream of youth is not so entirely doomed.

Martin, the central character of the book, cries out in the last chapter: "Don't let's play that game! It's too terrible." He should have said it in the first chapter. Their game was too terrible for these children to play.

K. S. M.

The Confession of a Fool, by August Strindberg. New York: Viking Press. $2.50.

THE high qualities of style, the clever touches of humanity, the knowledge and disillusionment that always characterized the work of August Strindberg, were evident from the earlier period in his production marked by the appearance of his autobiographical novel, The Confession of a Fool. As Ernest Boyd in an illuminating preface declares:

"August Strindberg has been singularly unfortunate in his treatment in the English-speaking world. Out of the fifty-five volumes of his collected words, we have had four volumes of plays and a dozen narrative works, of which the latter are almost all out of print. Of Strindberg, the dramatist, readers of English can form a more or less adequate idea, but his writings in the fields of autobiography, science, historical and modern fiction can hardly be said to exist in England or America."

This leaves Americans in a confused state of mind before the absolute veneration paid to Strindberg by the majority of younger minds in Scandinavia—who urge his name with that of Goethe and Shakespeare—in the face of our astonishment and incredulity.

The course of life of this unhappy genius who passes during his life from the pessimism and misogynism of moral and even mental disorder back again to more normal standards that brought him at the end almost to the threshold of the Catholic faith, presents a tragic picture for some future author in English. The Confession of a Fool is part of this story of disillusion, disorder, and disgust. It is strong meat for strong men that can tread their way safely through the grinning back alleys of irregular life in the northern capitals.

THOMAS WALSH.

Fiddler's Farewell, by Leonora Speyer. New York: A. A. Knopf. $2.00.

IT is encouraging to the reader of the newer poets to encounter a work so sane, so intelligent, and so inspired as Fiddler's Farewell. The poet, herself a violinist known to fame in former years, folds away her Stradivarius with a final apostrophe that is an example of the best in the older and newer literature of poetry—a well-considered, refined, and melodious philosophy, which places her at the front of the ranks of singers today. Her epithets to the fiddle reveal remarkable tenderness: "My witty one . . . my box of birds . . . tool and tear"—

"Small sturdy one
Roistering down the centuries."

"In time I, too, shall turn to others' music,
Shall learn
A niggardly delight
In some slight
Lord of nimble fingers
Tossing me sops of song."

There is a virtuosity about these poems, the full tone flung out to a large auditorium, which, with big quality, trembles with large tenderness and harmony. Mrs. Speyer's work is for a large audition—it is orchestral rather than secluded. One cannot but feel that in Saint Peter's in Rome she felt a sincere thrill as she wrote:

"At last they builded wide enough, O Lord!
Here is no walled confinement of Thy Heart,
No ending to the echoes of Thy Word:
This lifting dome lifts on to where Thou art."

T. C.

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MARTHA BAYARD, JOHN J. FINN, and GLORIA GODDARD are new contributors to The Commonweal.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Who's Who of the Oxford Movement, by Bertram C. A. Windle. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

THE Oxford Movement has still its special shelf and special students, and for such Who's Who of the Oxford Movement will have particular value. The story of the movement by Sir Bertram Windle is a concise statement of the various elements and schools of thought that culminated in the conversion to the Church of so large a number of the intellectual leaders at Oxford. The account of these conferences and the varying tides of opinion swaying the university thought, from the liberalizing movement of the Arnolds and the publication of the tracts, is followed by brief biographies, arranged alphabetically, of the persons connected with this most important religious movement since the days of the Reformation. These biographies are well prepared with the necessary dates and information regarding influences and associations that are involved in each personality.

Equinox, by Elizabeth Curtis. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.00.

MISS CURTIS'S EQUINOX is an interesting exposition of moods and fancies. It closes with a sonnet on Modern Controversy in which the poet declares that—"Heroic deeds are holier far than Athanasian creeds!" And there is another line: "Then why discuss the origin of God?" Why, indeed, if you have already made up your mind to remain unshaken in your mental stubbornnesses. When really noble and heroic deeds are done, the honest human being naturally asks about his God and his Athanasian creeds, and does not sit down, peacock-fashion, to preen his tail feathers without further thought. The philosophy of Equinox does not follow the act into the intention that makes it holy or the contrary. The distaste for the New England Puritan is strangely developed amid the poet's reticences; it is a case of suspended personality that is not Cavalier even if it is not Roundhead.

Elizabethan Lyrics, edited by Norman Ault. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

THIS new anthology represents an age that has been the favorite ground of many gleaners: the Elizabethan fields are so rich that poetical grazers turn into them naturally, and in spite of all the critical questions of their originality, still seek for their succulent qualities and rainbow tangles. Mr. Ault has followed a new plan in his Elizabethan Lyrics: his poems are arranged according to the dates when each first became known to the public, a plan that renders it possible to follow step by step the development of the lyric, its fashions and phases throughout the Elizabethan period. The date chosen is ordinarily that of the first printed edition.

The Left Hander, by C. F. Donovan. Chicago: Joseph H. Meier. $2.00.

ENTERTAINING, instructive, and novel are excellent epithets with which to describe Father Donovan's new story, The Left Hander. It will take an honored place on the shelf of Catholic fiction for the year just closed, and in its wholesome, natural style will appeal to a large class of readers who avoid the morbid and questionable novels that are poured so freely from the American presses. The illustrations by J. T. Armbrust are helpful to the fine spirit of the novelist.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Lent is telling upon me," sighed Dr. Angelicus as he returned from a Wednesday luncheon, and sank into his chair. "These fasts may have been all very well for your portly mediaevalist, who in non-Lenten periods sat down to his meat in the form of a boar roasted whole, two pheasants, and heaven only knows what besides—all very well for him, especially if he lived in England where it was no penance to resort for six weeks to the festive, fat British sole, and the plump and succulent English oyster, immortalized by Caesar—but, alas, it is very different for your twentieth-century New Yorker."

"Why, Doctor," said the Editor, "I don't seem to notice that you have lost any flesh in the past three weeks. As a matter of fact, I regard these Lenten restrictions of such value, not only spiritual, but material, that I was thinking, as far as the staff is concerned, of extending Lent and its practices two weeks beyond Easter."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Angelicus. "And I fail to fathom your reason for finding any material value in these drastic Lenten regulations," he added after a moment's reflection.

"Very simple," said the Editor. "Greater output of work. None of you stays out for lunch as long—"

"Alas, there is now no such thing as lunch!" interrupted the Doctor. "What point in lingering over a pale-yellow, meagre, stringy omelette—or a dried-up, pastel piece of fish?"

"Not only are there quicker luncheons," continued the Editor, "but I see the shining, morning faces of those of you who are attending daily Mass and so must rise betimes, at least a half-hour earlier than I do in non-Lenten seasons."

"Ah," said Miss Anonymoncule, "you haven't reckoned on the nine o'clock Mass, which I have just heard is less crowded than the eight o'clock one—and I do hate crowds—even in church. There is also a twelve o'clock one which has been recommended to me," she added meditatively, "and on the mornings that I am to be a communicant, of course I could

(*Continued on page 504*)

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not arrive here until after I'd had my breakfast—so that my shining, morning face would really become my sooty, afternoon one—allowances being made for my peregrinations through the soft-coal smoke."

"I think, after all," said the Editor, "that we won't extend Lent beyond Easter."

"I hope not," exclaimed the Doctor, "for I am grown most woefully thin." And he glanced sadly at his waistcoat, which did, in truth, seem less snug than of yore.

"Never mind," said Miss Anonymoncule encouragingly. "At least the buttons don't pop off the way they used to."

"Apropos of nothing at all," said the Editor guardedly, "did you read the sad case of the Chicago lady?"

He pulled a newspaper clipping from his pocket and read—"'Mrs. Elsie Peterocelli is suing the city for $20,000, charging that she lost forty pounds as a result of falling through a pair of trap-doors in the sidewalk. When interviewed, she said plaintively—'Before the accident I weighed 450 pounds—and now I am down to 410!'"

"She is suing the city," meditated Angelicus. 'I wonder if I could sue the Church."

"Since you are so in favor of Lent and its regulations," said Miss Anonymoncule to the Editor, a trifle spitefully it must be owned, "you may be interested in a letter that came to the circulation department the other day. The writer says—'Thinking upon Lenten practices to undertake, it occurred to me that I could do nothing better than to read The Commonweal during the penitential season. Therefore I enclose a six weeks' subscription, to terminate at Easter.'"

"Some people take their Lent very hard," said Angelicus morbidly.

"Not the professors at Columbia University," said Miss Anonymoncule. "For I read in a newspaper that Gilda Gray danced in the Columbia University theatre recently. The paper stated that the audience was not made up entirely of students. Now if the professors are so frivolous in Lent, what can you expect—"

"They must have been there for educational purposes, if they were there at all," declared Dr. Angelicus defensively. "No doubt they wished to study the psychology of the student audience."

"If so," asked Miss Anonymoncule sweetly, "why did they all take front-row seats?"

"Well, anyway," replied Angelicus, "the program was a scholarly one, being a performance of native dances of Poland, and was under the dignified auspices of the Columbia Institute of Arts and Sciences."

"Well enough for the arts, but no place for the sciences, it seems to me," said Miss Anonymoncule.

"There may have been more reason in it than you think," said the Editor. "Modern educators have all sorts of new ideas to improve scholarship. Haven't you read of the plan of the principal of the Jonas Bronck public school in New York, who has placed elaborate mural paintings on the walls of his classrooms to prevent truancy?"

"Excellent idea," said the Doctor. "Little Johnnie is drawn daily to grammar school by mural paintings of historical subjects; when he goes to high-school, by, let us say, movies of Caesar's campaigns; and when he goes to college, by the dances of our popular stage queens."

At this juncture Tittivillus interrupted breathlessly—"Doctor, how soon do you think I could get into college?"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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